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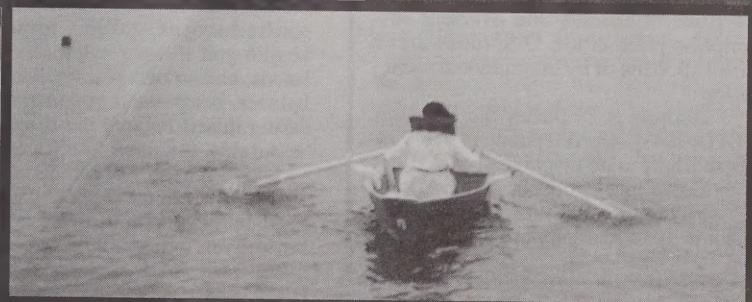
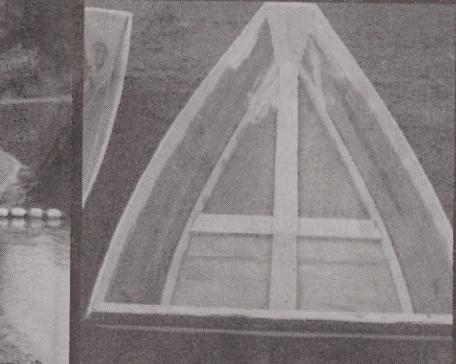
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# messing about in BOATS

Volume 17 - Number 7

August 15, 1999



Special Features This Issue  
Middle School Boatbuilding & Regatta  
A Wedding Ride - Tale of Two Cats

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# messing about in BOATS

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August 15, 1999



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## In Our Next Issue...

I will bring you my photo report on the Wooden Boat Show that didn't fit into this issue, and John Trussell presents his photo report of the English version in "Boats 99", a nice juxtapositioning.

Tom Shaw reports on his trip "Powering Up the ICW"; the "Track of the Typhoon" serial concludes with William Washburn Nutting's retrospective "Epilog"; and we start a new ongoing series of short vignettes from Steve Turi, "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut".

Mark King presents the second in his three part series on Canadian yachts in "Winona"; Mark Steele describes some rather substantial ship models in which their builders can actually sail in "Piratical Rambustifications"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" series focusses on his very own "Dreamboat"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will have an as yet unrevealed design for us.

Sam Overman tells us how to "Build a Kayak Dolly"; and Bill Perkins discusses his "GPS Experiences".

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



My report in this issue on reader Jake Darnell's really large scale motivating of middle school students in his industrial arts classes to build and launch 40 plywood skiffs includes a quote from Jake about why he thought this boatbuilding notion grabbed these suburban non-boating youngsters so firmly. "A simple boat is something that they could build and then use, that's what the appeal is," Jake explained.

This, I realized, applies to why most of us who indulge in building and using small boats do so. A boat lends itself to this scenario of building oneself something that can then be used recreationally. Think about what options you have in building something your very own self. Assuming the will and some skills, you can undertake building something. The really ambitious and skilled can build a house, or at a less ambitious level a shop or a shed, all of which subsequently have utility, and can be used. Many hobbyists go into woodworking and build furniture of all levels of sophistication. Furniture can be used.

But, what can one build to use for fun? Few of us are skilled in metalworking enough to build devices such as ultralite aircraft, specialty bicycles, gokarts, toys like that. Who builds golf clubs or rollerblades or skis or bobsleds, and so on? Many fall back on models, planes, boats, cars, as surrogates for the real thing that is beyond the resources and skills available. Ah, but small wooden boats are within reach, built of a material many are comfortable working with and equipped to do so, and not beyond their financial resources.

Even more limited options face today's youth, Jake's 8th graders, what can they build themselves and then use for fun? The affluent segment of society provides its youth with everything they need to play their game of choice, costly stuff, factory made, purchased by mom and dad. The kids get to use it, but what about that desire to make it themselves? Jake offered his students a chance to do this and they seized it with great enthusiasm. They wanted to build their own thing, this urge had not disappeared but has been suppressed by the level of sophistication of today's society.

At times one hears a plaintive cry, "whatever happened to childhood?" With play taken out of their hands by their parents, youth gets signed up for all sorts of organized activities, sports particularly. Regimentation is applied, competition is often fierce, achievement, victory, these are the goals. No more messing about with one's own toys, toys one made oneself. No sir, our kids are going to have the best and go out there and achieve. In play! At

the risk of being a tiresome old guy reminiscing about those good old days, I have to say that I grew up making my own fun and most of my own toys, there just wasn't any money around in the '30's and '40s in my family.

And I'm still doing this today with my boats and my bicycles. Building my own stuff. Dreaming up what I want and figuring out how to make it. My youth trained me to be able to do this. I expect many of you have this same background driving your small boat building activities. And those of you who do not are like Jake's students, you are keen to build it yourself, the urge is within you and the small boat offers an achievable project, one which you can then enjoy using once completed. This urge is encouraged by what you read about others like you doing in a journal like this one, or hear about from someone who is building their own boat.

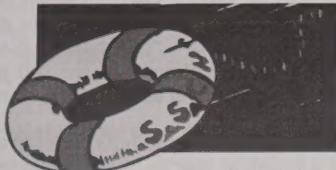
Small boats also have another very unique appeal as something desirable to build oneself. They provide access to a medium we are not otherwise fitted to travel on, water. The best of swimmers are limited in their travels on the water. Most of us hardly swim at all other than off the beach or dock or boat. The boat is the magic carpet to gain broad ranging access to places we cannot otherwise go. Even the most modest of small boat adventures, paddling or rowing some creek or marsh or pond, take us to places not ordinarily seen and enjoyed in our daily lives. Building ourselves the means for providing this access is particularly rewarding.

Jake is not unique in his efforts at motivating youth through boats, ongoing programs exist nationwide fulfilling this need. Some, like Joe Youcha's at Alexandria Seaport Museum in Alexandria, Virginia, target inner city youth desperately in need of constructive outlets for their young energy and enthusiasm. Other formalized programs attract youth into apprenticeship. What was unique to me was that Jake did this in a typical middle class suburban public school, and that he persuaded the education administrators there to support his proposal, and that the community got behind him once they learned of it, and that the school principal on launching day could tell me that this was "the greatest thing that's happened in our school".

There's more to this building boats than meets the eye. It's an accessible outlet for our instinctive urges to do it ourselves, one that results in useful, often beautiful, artifacts called small boats, that then continue to pleasure us as we take them out onto the water to places we have not been able to go before.

## On the Cover...

It was an energy charged June morning in Wakefield, Massachusetts when 40 plywood skiffs built by middle school students were launched, my report is featured in this issue.



## Small Boat SAFETY

### Not Worth Reporting

I crewed once on a 20' Auxiliary I/O coxswained by a lady who, despite a hearing handicap, is not only a past Auxiliary Flotilla Commander but holds a Coast Guard captain's license. It was a routine patrol with no assists reported, but...

In mid-afternoon we spotted two men in a 14' jon boat on the banks of the ICW. They did not hail us, but they looked troubled so we turned to investigate. They could not get the engine started but were hopeful. Would we check back later. Of course.

Thirty minutes later when we returned they hailed us and asked for help. But while we were maneuvering through very shallow water to heave a line the engine fired. We had done nothing save be there but I suspect our presence was a comfort.

Less than an hour later we heard a somewhat confused radio report of a grounding with possible serious injury. While the exact location was vague, it appeared that we were the closest facility available so we cranked up and started looking. We found a 22', twin engined I/O hard aground on a falling tide. Standing by was a 16' outboard which had made the initial radio call. Apparently, the larger boat did not have a marine radio.

Because of shallows, we could not approach, but we called the Coast Guard station with the specific location. Help was on the way.

First to arrive was a commercial tow boat from BOAT-US. They sent a crewman wading through the shallows with a towline and started the task of getting the stranded vessel afloat. While we worked at slowing passing traffic to minimize wakes we witnessed some superb seamanship. I would not have believed that it was possible to get that boat afloat again, but BOAT-US did it. Their application of their skill was a privilege to watch.

In the midst of the refloating operation the Coast Guard arrived with a trained EMT on board. From radio reports we learned that the victim had been thrown to the deck with the shock of grounding and knocked unconscious. By the time the EMT arrived, she was conscious but confused. Apparently there were no serious injuries, although the Coast Guard arranged for an ambulance meet the boat at the dock just to make sure.

From the last report we heard, she will be able to go boating again in the near future, though I suspect she will pick a skipper who pays more attention to channel markers.

No press. No TV. Just another example of the boating fraternity at work offering help. Involved was the Good Samaritan who stopped, called for help and stood by; an Aux-



Tom Shaw

iliary boat which directed traffic; a commercial tow boat doing its job with consummate skill; and the Coast Guard with a trained EMT on board,

"Bravo Zulu" to all concerned.

### False Alarm

99% of Coast Guard Auxiliary patrols are routine (some might even say dull but to me being on the water is never dull). Still, even when we do an assist such as towing in a disabled vessel, joining a Coast Guard boat in a search pattern or, in less charming circumstances, searching for a body, the work calls for normal good seamanship and can not really be described as exciting.

Labor Day, 1998, proved to be an exception that got the adrenalin flowing. The day started calmly enough, underway at 10:00, an assist at 10:40 (15' outboard with a dead engine) and then easy progress up the ICW, just being available.

Shortly after 1:00 we began hearing county sheriff's boats talking of a drowning at Mason's Inlet. Auxiliary boats do not respond to such situations unless on scene or ordered by the controlling Coast Guard Station, so we continued on our leisurely way. It was a surprise to have a Coast Guard RHI pull alongside with a, "Follow me!"

Follow we did, flat out! The reported drowning was at an inlet closed to navigation and noted for shallow waters and strong tides. I had never been there and the 5 mile channel is unmarked, so all I could do was stay directly in the wake of the Coast Guard boat while my crew reported depths...5', 4', 4.5', 3.5'. He was doing his job, but his reports were hardly reassuring, especially as we were at almost dead low tide. My only security was that I felt sure I could go wherever the Coast Guard vessel could go, but it was a wild ride. That Coast Guard coxswain knew the channel intimately.

Arriving on scene we found the typical confusion, crowds on shore, an ambulance, a fire truck, two sheriff's boats, and no solid information. I circled, trying to stay out of the shallows and wondering if I could get through the inlet into the ocean for a search pattern while I monitored the active duty Coasties talking on a secure radio channel.

After about fifteen minutes the coxswain of the Coast Guard boat hailed me. "Thanks for your help." We began to retrace our steps, feeling our way through the unmarked channel on the very last of the ebb. It was a relief to reach deeper and charted water, but it was not until I heard the evening news that I learned what had happened.

Two young girls, swimming in the shal-

lows, had been caught in a rip tide and swept out to sea. Thanks to a retired life guard who was vacationing in the area, and two young men on (the much maligned) personal watercraft, both were safely returned to shore, though not without difficulty. Meanwhile, someone had called 911 and set in motion a full emergency response. The signs posted in that area warning of strong tidal currents had been destroyed by Hurricane Bonnie a week earlier.

I wish all such calls were false alarms but it was reassuring to see the efficient and total response of all agencies involved.

### But Not for AUXMIS Credit

At one location between the Intracoastal Waterway and the ocean in southeastern North Carolina there is the remains of an old inlet. At high tide it appears as a wide bay. At low tide, it is major expanse of clear white sand. Understandably, this is a popular place for boaters. Families arrive when the tide is in and either beach their boats or anchor just off the flats. There they stay for swimming, picnicking or sunbathing. It is a great place for the children with safe shallow water for them to play in.

When we passed this area on a routine safety patrol one day there was only one boat there, a circumstance that caused us to have a second look. That closer inspection showed the vessel hard aground, but not by intention. The skipper and his crew were wading about their 26' cruiser and body language indicated major frustration.

Auxiliary Vessel 551 approached carefully. Quite apart from policy, there was clearly no way to tow this vessel off until the tide changed. There was, however, a useful service we could perform. The skipper waded out and gave us his anchor which we set some 200' into deeper water. We also passed along the time of dead low tide and encouraged him that in a little over an hour he might have enough water to haul in on his anchor rode till he had depth to start his engine.

At no time was this vessel or crew in any danger, they were simply inconvenienced. The action of AUX 551 was, in no sense, an assist. It did not merit a case number. It did, however, earn the Auxiliary another friend. That skipper was grateful that somebody cared, somebody checked to see if they were safe and somebody took the trouble to make a poor situation situation just a little bit better. Perhaps that is what the Auxiliary is all about.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Adventures...

### Beetle Whaleboat in Brittany

The season began with wind and rain for our first two times going out aboard the *Sterenn*; first with young Canadian pupils, with force 5 winds we kept all the canvas and really had an active day and a good maneuvering drill; on the second, with my elder son as boatsteerer, the breeze was reaching 6 to 7, and all the day we were under close reefed mainsail, mostly without a jib. The whaleboat was running merrily, and two buckets were at times useful to bail out.

In the roads of Lorient at low tide it is necessary to tack many times, and quickly. With our Beetle whaleboat, no problem. Now suppose we had the Atlantic Challenge gig in a same circumstances; with so many sails and people, and the 35' keel, it would not the same.

We do not always have a good crew, depending on the holidays and signing off seamen, so next year I am not sure to be able in good conditions on the good days to keeping the challenge. Anyway we will try.

In Mystic they have this same whaleboat, I suppose with a good crew. Could be a good training to line up on the water the two boats, whaleboat and Atlantic Challenge gig. No judge, only seamen, and let go, should be interesting.

We celebrated the Beetle's first birthday with a free access afternoon. One week after, we had three days with schoolboys, to play teaching, and that will be very important, while entering near the big Education National Trust. To be sure, it is quite busy managing a Boat Association.

Bruno de la Monneraye, Lanester, France



## Opinions...

### Cherish Civilized Virtues

Thanks for the "Interruption" article by Brian Salzano in the June 1st issue. For his valiant efforts I say "Bravo!" We need more people who cherish the civilized virtues of peace and quiet, especially in the remoter spots in our parks and harbors. And we need people who will rise up on their hind legs and fight for this value which alas, is threatened with extinction. As I fear we are.

I too have experienced the awful pollution of noise. Of course, all but the totally deaf have. One way which is sometimes easier than a confrontation is to fight fire with fire. When my neighbor is blasting away on his stereo I take my old stereo set outside, close to his fence, place a tape of something noisy like The 1812 Overture and let 'er rip. Last time I did this, I waited awhile inside, out of lethal range, then went out and stuck my head up over the fence and shouted above the din,

"Well how do you like my music?"

"OK I guess," he shouted.

"Well I'll turn mine down if you turn yours down."

"Okay." And it worked!

There is some good news amongst the din. Modern cars, trucks and boats are quieter than the old ones. Motorcycles too. Even jet airplanes are less obnoxious than they were (no, none is quiet enough yet). Santa Barbara, California has banned gas driven blowers, so

have other cities. Fewer jocks are on the road with rap and boom boxes blasting away (maybe they are worried about getting shot. If so, road rage ain't all bad). San Juan County, Washington has banned the jet skis! There is hope. And if we fight for it we might even find some peace and quiet at home so's we don't have to escape to the woods, which as Salzano notes, doesn't always work either.

More good news is: All you have to do is wait. As you grow older you grow deaf! Noise always bothered my dad until he was about 80, then he was okay. Then he turned up the TV and bothered everyone else!

Jeff Douthwaite, Seattle (jet noise city), WA

### About That Thoughtlessness...

Man, it is pitifully dry down here. We are ten inches behind for the year, and it was a dry fall and winter too. I got so many little boats hanging from the joists of the shop waiting for varnish that I have to go outside so I can have room to rub the bumps on my head. All the little ponds have dried up and the alligators are all having to move. One of my daughters in law almost ran over one in the four lane with her mini van. When I take my grandchildren fishing in the big pond, there are so many alligators looking at us that it makes us feel self conscious, like having a picnic in front of homeless people.

When I ordered the oars for this last boat from Paul Reagan at Shaw & Tenney, he told

me that summer was up there with y'all. He says it will be short... said that when people asked New Englanders what they do during the summer, they say, "If it falls on a weekend, we have a cookout." I give you joy of that cookout. Don't let the alligators have any hot dogs.

Brian Salzano in the June 1st issue talked about a problem that has been worrying me for a long time. How in the world do people get to be like the man with the generator? Why was he there in that nice place if all he wanted to do was watch the TV? What pleasure was he getting that could be worth all the trouble to put himself in that situation?

You know, I am a simple minded kind of a person and I like to think that there is a simple explanation for that kind of common behavior. I think it is the TV. The population of this country is getting to the age where most folks grew up sitting in front of the boob tube all the time. I think that more and more people have the experience that pleasure is a passive thing and that you don't have to do anything much to get it. The sensations absorbed from the TV have replaced the real excitement of exploration and hard-earned joy of experience and people just think that's the way it is. Even when they are actually out on the water they are content to sit up there and passively absorb the jolts of a jet ski rather than develop the skill to experience the wild thrill of, say, a wind surfer. There are a lot of people who think that there isn't much difference between the two. Those are the ones who think that sitting on the sofa hollering "Play ball!" is the same as playing ball.

There is nothing new about people doing thoughtless things on the water. I have a collection of books about early white-man Florida. Though those were active people, their normal doings amounted to some terrible things. Back in the early days, people thought that it was good to kill everything they saw, like William Washburn Nutting running to get the Winchester to shoot another porpoise after he already knew that they sank when they were dead and could be of no use to him. Those people didn't know anything about the animals they were shooting just like the generator man didn't know anything about the place where he was. The real difference between the thoughtlessness of that time and this is that killing for fun is an active entertainment and watching the TV is passive.

I think that the main problem, then and now, is that there is a big percentage of the people in our population that don't think about what they are doing at all. They are the people who throw trash, like a reflex, out the window of the car in the prettiest kinds of places, people who are mindlessly cruel, people who are proud of their selfishness. The reason it looks like it is getting worse is that there are just so many more people and there is a big chance of winding up in the same place with some of them.

There might be some hope. Maybe the new kind of miraculous TV with all these new wild sensations will keep them off the water. If you don't know enough to notice what the place you are in is like, being there can't be much of a thrill. Spectacular TV might be able to compete with the rest of the world. It is easy to tell the big football weekends around here, there are less people on the water. You know TV might really do something for the population escalation if it would just get sensational

enough to replace the activity of procreation with something passive, maybe something like a virtual Monica.....

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

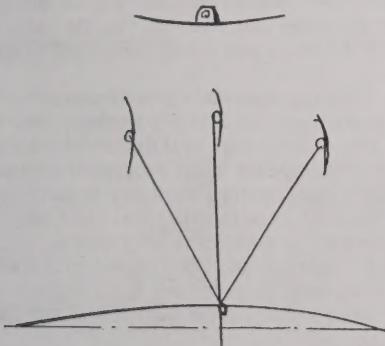
### Articulated Oars

Looking thru some old copies of *Human Power* (I was VP-Water for the International Human Power Vehicle Assn. in past years) I noted one experimenter's approach to articulated oars, in this instance oar blades that would remain perpendicular to the CL of the boat irrespective of the segment of the rowing arc.

This investigator felt a component akin to an oar-length push-rod was necessary to position the blade. Conversely, I felt that the blade(s) being pulled by a positioned apex would keep them at right angles. A top view of the blade might be something like the first drawing.

The hole in the vertical stiffener could be sleeved to receive a vertical pin from the oar looms. Some slight friction could be overcome by reducing area of the errant blade. Overall, as shown in the second drawing. Very possibly the easiest blades may be aluminum plate bent to shape.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA



### Quietside Campground

Any readers contemplating holiday travel to Mount Desert Island in Maine might like to know about our inexpensive campground located on the quiet side of the island in Bass Harbor. We call it Quietside Campground & Cabins because that is what it is, removed from the bustle of Bar Harbor but just a short drive away.

Quietside Campground & Cabins, P.O. Box 10, Bass Harbor, ME 04653

**Editor Comments:** Jane and I stayed here during the two Wooden Boat Shows held at nearby Southwest Harbor several years ago and confirm that it is a very nice, uncrowded reasonably priced campground.

### The Arthur Ransome Society

I like your magazine. It's much better than the expensive glossies. A friend I know through The Arthur Ransome Society, Tom Grimes in Indiana, gave me a gift subscription. I've shown several issues to several friends here in Tasmania and I am about to mail a couple to a TARS friend in Sydney who is a big reader but had not come across *MAIB*. Enclosed are the first two issues of a newsletter I've just started in which Australian TARS

can talk to each other and the rest of the world.

A member of TARS-US, Stuart Wier of Colorado, once had an article about the Boats of the Swallows and Amazons in *MAIB*. It has grown into a web page to which Stuart is now adding a letter from the man who bought *Swallow* from Arthur Ransome in 1935 (previously her fate was unknown after Ransome), and my comments on my replica of *Swallow*, a 12' clinker with a 6" keel and standing lug sail, no centreboard. We both agree that the design has too much weather helm, something that Arthur left out of the stories when he said what a good boat she was. I tackled mine by shaving the

keel for 'ard while the new owner of the original *Swallow* added a jib on a bimini.

AusTARS have a web page <http://www.angelfire.com/ar/swallow/index.html> which includes some pictures of my *Swallow*, a link to Stuart's page on the Boats of the Swallows and Amazons as well as our first two newsletters.

Lionel Hill, 63 Lawrence Dr., Devonport, Tasmania 7310, Australia

**Editor Comments:** The two eight page newsletters are full of interesting material relating to this appealing topic, with appropriate period graphics and current photos of member activities.

about the seriousness of owner, Lane Briggs's work ethic. He always seems to have a crew of young ladies, usually in bikinis!

Robb White should know that I have information for him on where to find those Christy knives he loved so much, just as soon as I can find where I put that file. Yep, the firm is alive and well and selling knives and replacement blades. I carry a Christy at all times and gave some to my three sons. Later, I learned their wives had swiped them so I had to give out Christy knives all over again.

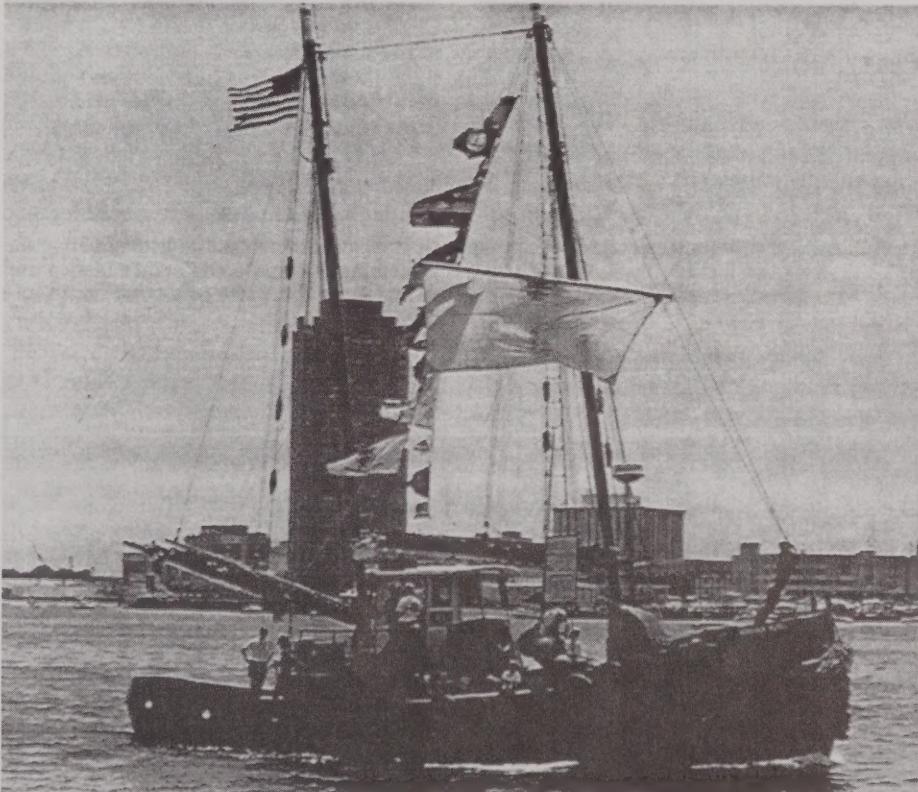
Hugh Ware, Manchester, MA

### Kite Tugs & Christy Knives

Thanks for the tongue-in-cheek mention of my book (in progress) on tugs in your June 15th Commentary column. Yes, a giant kite might well work as a tug but I don't think it'll replace the diesel powered version.

But wind has been used to power at least one tug. I enclose a clipping and photo from *Tugbits*, the journal of the Tugboats Enthusiasts Society. As you can see, Capt. Lane Briggs' *Norfolk Rebel* has sails and it is reported that they help the tug tow a barge when the wind is right. But I've always wondered

The Briggs' "tugantine" *Norfolk Rebel* under power and steadyng sail pictured in Boston Harbor. The 51' red, white and black tug with two masts and a 320hp single screw power plant is sailed by Briggs from regatta to regatta on the mid-Atlantic coast usually with a pickup crew of young people, more than his share of young lovelies amongst them. Not a bad life for a sea dog. (Photo by Mike Stitik)





The fleet arrives on a flatbed truck.



Jake Darnell, the moving spirit, a boat nut who has directed his enthusiasm to motivating the youth he works with every day. "A simple boat is something that they could build and then use, that's what the appeal is," Jake explained.

Jake (center in hat) with students and school superintendent display the official banner celebrating the occasion.



## The Galvin Middle School Regatta

By Bob Hicks

Reader Jake Darnell teaches industrial arts at the Wakefield, Massachusetts Galvin Middle School. As a boat nut his view of an appropriate industrial art is skewed towards small boats and for the 8 week spring course he attracted 40 students to his proposal that they each build their own plywood skiff.

To enhance the appeal of the project, Jake further rounded up support within the school and the community for a mass launching and rowing regatta on Lake Quannapowit, near the center of town. He also called me to alert me to the occasion and I made sure to be there.

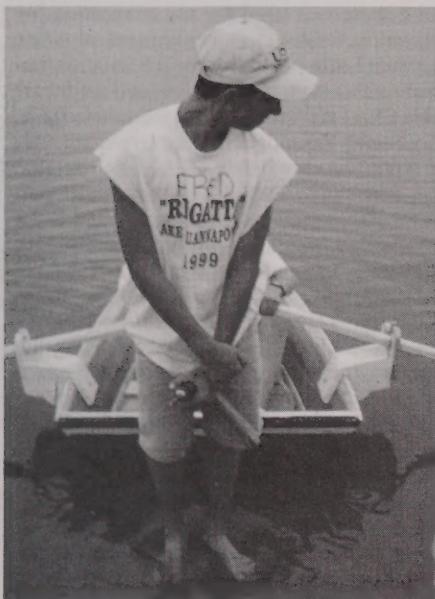
The all day affair was on a school day, with the entire 200 plus students in the 8th grade class of Galvin coming along to the beach, transported in tourist trolley busses arranged for the occasion in a parade through the center of town that also included a large flatbed trailer truck carrying the 40 boats. All the 8th grade teachers, along with the principal and assistant principal, other involved school staff, and some parents, joined in, everyone attired in the special tee shirts made up for the day. A festive air took over, with food, music, frisbees, volleyball, and also, yes, the launching of the boats and the rowing regatta contests.

It's some experience to be submerged into the energy pool of 200 8th graders, believe me. Jake told me how he'd find involved students awaiting him when he arrived an hour before school opening each day towards the end, keen to get at their projects to be sure to be finished for the regatta. Jake sure is youthful for a gray haired guy, he's gotta be absorbing that energy from these kids.

My photos capture the spirit of the day best.

Serious gold for the fastest oarsperson.





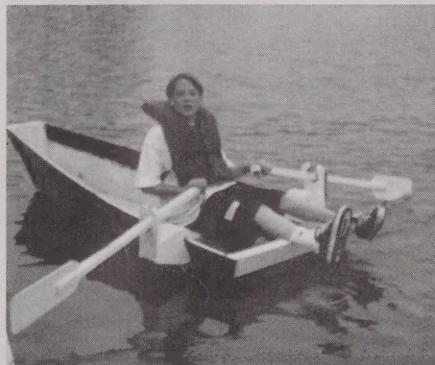
The launching technique demonstrated by Ethan Grazios, he would bend his knees and then straighten his legs suddenly, his calves thrusting the transom away from the beach.



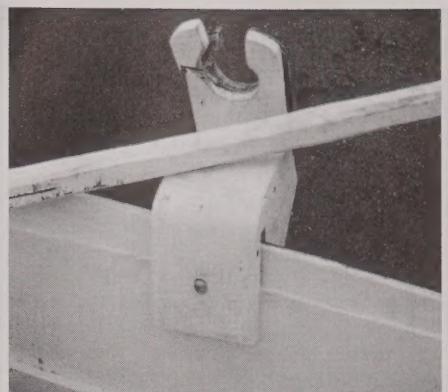
Dan Clark gets underway gingerly. Directional control, at first virtually absent from most of the inexperienced oarspersons, was quickly achieved by the time most were on their way back from the marker buoy around which each sprinted.



Ross Graziouse set fastest time of the day at 1:18. I watched him get off the beach at full speed under complete control and figured he surely had to have had some prior rowing experience. He never missed a beat at so a high stroke rate.



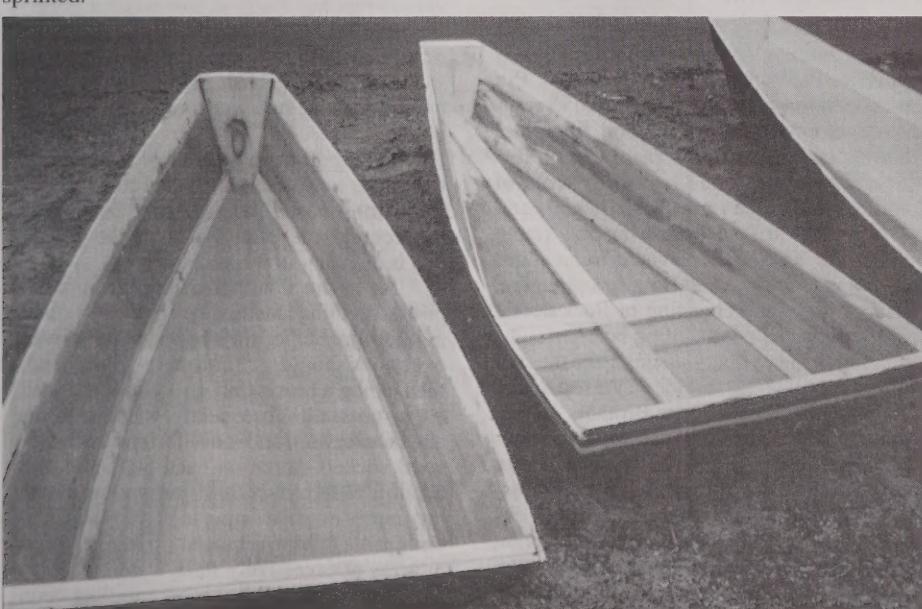
Bobby Cardavelli at ease prior to his race.



Two sets of "oarlocks" had been fabricated at the last minute, clamping to each succeeding set of racers. Jake had spare plywood parts for the anticipated breakage. He needed them.



Principal Dr. Paula Mullen and Superintendent of Schools Terrance Holmes had much to grin about. In response to my inquiry as to her reactions to this event, Dr. Mullen enthusiastically responded, "It's the greatest thing that's happened to this school, so many students so involved and enthused. Jake has been just wonderful!"



Details, all the skiffs were built to same basic plan, but details differed, as well as dimensions. All floated and were rowed successfully.



Contrary to the movie "Deliverance," river boating is unexcelled for economy, relaxation and total safety. The opportunity to test the performance of a modern (in 1973) fiberglass version of the classic pulling boat lured us away from sailing for a singlehanded adventure on the Sacramento River.

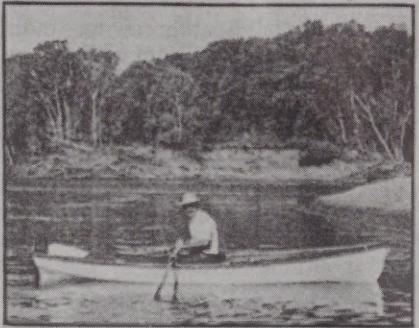
While the Sacramento's upper reaches at Redding and Red Bluff are attractive and the Stockton-Sacramento Delta area is more publicized, we chose Colusa for a launching site. I found the Sacramento River above its junction with the Feather River to be a restful waterway of primitive beauty.

The old wheeze about porcupines having to do things "vereve carefully" applies wholly to us disabled coronary victims who are hopelessly addicted to boating. Aside from modifying my Thunderbird sloop with a Chinese lugsail per Tom Colvin's research, I was completely taken by the elegance and operating ease of a true, rare, rowing boat loaned for a trial by Jim Davis of Palos Verdes.

Jim's 14' craft of the Catalina wherry lineage is a miniature maritime counterpart of the sailplane or sports car. These craft, called pulling boats, underwent great development around the turn of the century and even the most unconditioned or deconditioned oarsman can send them skimming over the water silently and effortlessly hour after hour. This could be a rediscovered dimension for small boat enthusiasts.



*Movable central seat serves as a storage box.*



*Fiberglass replica of old-time pulling boat.*

## Downriver Without a Paddle Looking Back on a 1973 Sacramento River Rowing Trip

By Norman Benedict

Our initial efforts to obtain a fiberglass replica resulted only in empty promises. But the cooperation of some fine people eventually developed tooling for good fiberglass wherries from Blue Buoy Yacht Co. of Torrance, California. The Owen Rayburns of Lomita kindly delivered their beaten and weary replica to Paul Blue's factory. Young boatbuilder Kay Kanel devoted tremendous man-hours to uncompromising straightening, fairing, filling, and changing of lines necessary to produce a good pulling boat.

I aided in the fiberglass layup of the first hull and contributed a few ideas. We test rowed it for about an hour at Fleitz Brothers, before loading it on a \$14 cartop rack for transportation to the Sacramento River. The idea was to explore the joys of old-time pulling boat cruising, circa 1880, when enthusiasts spent weeks and months in small skiffs and lightweight craft otherwise utilized for gunning.

We settled for a drive to Colusa in the

event there was need for my extrication for reasons of fatigue, weather, insects, or water hazards. Little or no data or information existed on this stretch of the river and the admirable Chart #666 (#18241) noted usable roads on virtually the entire levee system albeit traffic would be very light.

I wanted to sleep in the wherry rather than on the dense-foliaged river banks, and I can recommend front room physical conditioning by flaking out on the floor in front of the TV and awakening in the small hours to the familiar frying sound when the picture goes off. My physical limitations would be aided by the current which was estimated at above 3 knots, but proved to be considerably less with attendant rowing required to make up the difference.

Equipment was minimal: Jugs of water, a few cans of chunky soup, some old blankets and an air mattress, a simple folding Sterno stove, .22-caliber pistol with birdshot shells for snakes (nary a one), pillow, sun and insect lotions, cheesecloth for mosquito netting, and two swap meet duffle bags to contain the whole mess. I tied in two Styrofoam ice buckets for container-flotation devices.

Several hours of carefree driving brought us to Colusa in one day, and we launched at about 9am the following morning off a bank above the town.

One idea I imposed on the boat's design: A movable central seat/storage box/floatation unit (52" x 12" x 6") affixed to a plywood base. With upholstered top, one can move fore and aft, or slide the unit forward and sleep with one's head in the wineglass stern area. This proved to be a good innovation as valuables can be locked up and the wherry doesn't have to be stripped or worried about in the oarsman's absence.

Initial floating-rowing findings were fascinating as the levees on both sides of the river provided a complete screen against all outside contaminations of civilization. Silence prevails, the air seems a bit cooler, dense foliage and high trees predominate, and you find yourself in a total river environment.

A panorama of unusual sights starts, beavers swimming easily or submerging noisily, a great school of fish swimming on their sides noisily sucking in flying insects, a continual splashing of startled fish, bank sides perforated by hundreds of hole nests of insect-catching birds.

People on the river are few in number as townships are sparse, and mutual consideration for privacy exists. The separation from an active countryside, particularly here in California, is amazing in its completeness.

As to the floating-rowing technique, it goes something like this: You row conventionally for a period of time by glancing forward over your shoulder to determine river bends, then taking a bearing aft on some of the scenery just passed; subsequently, you turn around and face forward and move the oars to the forward sockets (three on each gunwale) with about a 60% reduction in propulsive power but improved positioning to drive through interminable mild whirlpools, current reversals, or areas of excessively slack water.

The oarsman, like his ocean-going coun-

terpart, becomes sensitive to motion and unwanted current set imparts a feeling that the wherry is sliding through oil rather than water. I wondered if a small boat would drift unattended down a river without contacting the banks or occasional trees awash from bank failures. I found the wherry drifted slightly slower than the current, preferred to lie hull to midstream if no wind blew, but would contact the banks easily where the current forced it into slack water. Thus, the oarsman has a complete regime of rowing or goofing off facilities dependent upon his mood and objective.

The weather did seem somewhat hot, but I defer thermometers to those who obtain comfort from them and spent most of my active time seeking current movement which necessitated much easy zigzagging across the river.

At an estimated hour before sundown I lunched out, finding a midstream tree-trunk snag to which I could tie. The wherry held so steady it felt like it was cast in concrete. Navigational estimates indicated about 40 nautical miles covered at a speed of from three to four knots. The upper reaches of the Sacramento are extremely curvaceous and really box the compass.

Dinner was cooked, the box slid forward, and I settled down on the air mattress with a cover of cheesecloth-cum-mosquito netting over everything.

I mentioned the front room-TV-flaked out conditioning, right on. If you are pro-sleep you will have a little trouble in this country. Instantly at sundown, gigantic fish started an

exploding water surface war; some kind of gigantic birds entered the conflict; unseen myriad other rank and file wild life entered the act all of which was punctuated occasionally by driftwood hitting the wherry lightly.

The June night grew surprisingly cool, the mosquitos and gnats were nearly non-existent (or repelled by modern lotions), so I got a good night's rest and was off at the first rays of sunlight. Just slip the snag line and go.

At about noon I broke the downriver inertia and pulled up into the Knight's Landing Outboard Club Marina where Glen Mather drove me around to find a hamburger supplier. I had spent 27 hours in the 14' wherry with no lasting discomfort including my lower back which was quite unused to protracted rowing. A real land-based bench was used for lunch, and then I was away downstream enthusiastically looking forward to the juncture of the Feather River with increased current for the final fast leg to Sacramento.

The scenery below Knight's Landing was even more beautiful, as was the rivers' juncture, the whole scene looked more like a lake.

The last leg required much rowing amid civilization's ski boats and bankside rock music echoes. Things were enjoyable, but getting a bit hazy although I was not particularly aching anywhere.

My good friend, Dr. George G. Snively, arrived at my landing site, looked at me, and cogitated whether to extend his usual hospitality. I wasn't totally coherent, and a little

medical probing surfaced the fact that while being on a salt-free diet I had completely overlooked taking any supplemental salt during the hot day's exertion. Coronary victim or not this is a consideration to be remembered.

A night's rest restored me essentially to normal, and several hours' easy driving returned us to Los Angeles with the wherry unnoticeable on the car at cruising speeds up to 65 mph.

As a native westerner, I wonder if we have ignored utilization of our small boat inland cruising waters. A good pulling boat travels so well you really don't require any engine unless water and wind conditions dictate power augmentation. I like outboards immensely, and just a 1hp featherweight would have increased my cruising capabilities tremendously without significant weight penalties. With a 5hp air-cooled engine, you can't get the magneto advance lever past Start without exceeding hull speed.

I used little stock 6'6" oars as I believed much fending off would be required in the river. This proved false. Good length spoon oars would be a great improvement, with perhaps a single pair of utility oars as spares. I'd also suggest more experimentation with the space age blankets purported to keep body radiant heat in sleeping bags.

In comparing this research trip with a recent jet aircraft vacation junket out of the country, I sincerely feel the Sacramento River potential holds much more in a true vacation sense.

## NOT FOR EVERYONE

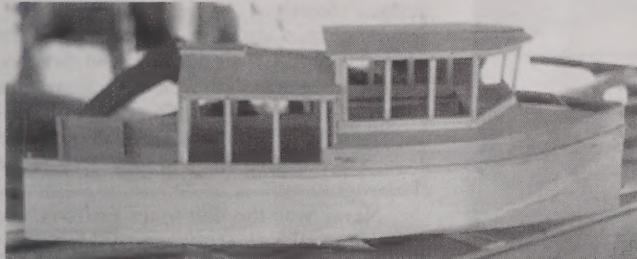


Photo: Peter Krupenye

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My great old high school friend, Scott Jay, called: "Hey Johnny Johnson, I need a favor. Our close family friend's children are getting married, a big wedding, and they have their hearts set on a ride in a classic speedboat. I thought of you and your '61 Century Resortenado."

What could I say? "No problem Scott." The groom-to-be, Patrick Sweeny would call. He did, sounded nice, said it was a dream he always had, for them to ride from the wedding to the reception in a beautiful mahogany boat. The ceremony was to be at St. Mary's Church, on Spa Creek in Annapolis, and the reception was to be held at the Annapolis Yacht Club on May 24th and I would pick up the \$200 at the party. It was late summer then and Patrick Sweeny called several times in the following months to confirm that they were looking forward to their ride.

I restore antique boats; in the spring all my customers want theirs done. It was late May, and I was near collapse from overwork. Every bone in my body ached and every day it seemed worse; I needed rest. When Patrick called, I told him I didn't think I was going to

## A Wedding Ride For Patrick And Kristin

By Howard Percival Johnson, Jr.

make it. He said he was counting on me and Scott had assured him that I wouldn't let them down. The wedding wouldn't be complete without the boat. I could see my name would be mud forever.

The boat was still covered for the winter. I dragged it out and opened it up; it was filthy, all the remnants of last year's fun, plus the usual winter yuck, had taken their toll. I had to put the batteries in and charge them, hook up the water and start her up, tighten the generator belts, change the fuel filter, adjust the neutral switch, fill the tires on the trailer. Then vacuum everything, wash it all down inside and out, towel it off and polish the chrome. The top had to be scoured again to get it white. Now wax, detail and polish the windshield, hook it up to the truck.

There was just time to get my white shirt and black bow tie. I thought, about getting someone to help me put it in the water but there was no time to call anyone! It was after 4:00 and I had to be tied up at the church by 5:00! Thankfully, the traffic was light and the line was not long at Tuxton Park launch ramp. Friendly boaters waited while I parked the truck. I prayed as I ran back to the dock that the engine would start. The batteries weren't fully charged. It did! Never has a running engine sounded so good. I pulled away, accompanied by its throaty idle and frantically changed to the white shirt with one hand. The day was dazzling and for a moment I took a deep breath and forgot my pain and exhaustion. I was going to make it.

Admiring hands accepted the lines at the tiny church dock. A beautiful wedding was taking place just across the lawn and many attendees looked my way. When it was over, more people came down to see the boat. They said how lucky Bill and Janice were to have this spot. I began to think, What's going on? I am here for Patrick and Kristin, I am sure that's their names, I must be in the wrong place! Finally I figured out that there was another, bigger wedding, up at the church going on at the same time. Then the bride's father walked all the way down the hill with a bottle of champagne, Dom Perignon '90.

He said the boat looked nice and they'd be down soon. All of the guests from the first wedding drifted away. The light of the day began to change. Suddenly, they appeared, dazzling in the distance, accompanied by a photographer who held them too long. They glided down the grassy incline to me. Never were two young people more radiant. He, in his family kilt, she in a magnificent gown. Deftly, he scooped her up in his arms and stepped aboard.

After brief introductions, we took in the lines, the engine roared to life, and the photographer began snapping pictures. Slowly we turned left, neatly to the right, then a full figure eight. When the lovely couple signaled enough, we idled away and they opened the champagne.

Never was the day more lustrous, the water more calm. Well-wishers showered congratulations from the bridge and looked down on us as we passed beneath. Boats blew their horns or turned around to get another look. I idled along confidently, my guests looked so relaxed and beautiful. When the water became a little choppy I slowly turned toward the Navy seawall and ran parallel to shore, close in. People were sitting on the benches and became animated, calling, "Congratulations!" one after another. As we neared the Annapolis City docks everyone began calling out "Congratulations!" and "Best Wishes!" When we rounded the Harbor Queen, into Ego Alley, people began to clap. As the people ahead heard this, they began to applaud, too.

Then everyone, on every boat, in every restaurant, and on the dock was fully applauding. As we reached the end, we glided around in a big circle, I suggested that they stand up and they held their glasses aloft, toasting the well-wishers. As we idled along everyone broke into cheers, standing and cheering and



holding their glasses aloft in salute. They cheered us, all the way along the entire way back out to the harbor. This was the first standing ovation I had ever experienced.

It was only a short way to the Yacht Club but everywhere we looked people were hanging over their hotel balconies and boat decks, looking at us and applauding. The balconies at the Yacht Club were crowded too, and they clapped and cheered while the groomsmen took our lines. Moments later, these two living treasures were swept away into the crowd, perhaps forever.

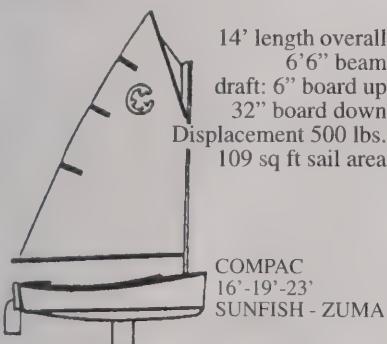
My boat was quite a hit at the reception. Everyone loved the boat and said how nice the newlyweds looked. My friends Scott and Donna were there and thrilled I'd done so well. They introduced me to their lovely friends. I met the happy parents who seemed delighted and slipped me a check. Somehow the drink seemed very powerful, everyone was so very nice. All too soon, my fatigue returned and it was time to go. The guests walked down the dock with me, admired the boat, helped with the lines and I drove away into the sunset, elated at what a wonderful wedding ride it had been.



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## And Now... The Rest Of the Story

You have just read the loveliest imaginable wedding story. While the boat was tied up at the church waiting for the bride and groom to arrive, the skipper turned on the bilge pump. It didn't come on. He had forgotten that the backup pump hadn't worked last year, either. The main pump had been very reliable. It says Lovett right on the pump! It was now not being lovable.

Trying not to be obvious, he lifted the front seat and hanging down into the bilge, wiggled all the various wires and hoses, to no avail. It was running, just not pumping. Again, he lifted the seat, jiggled the pump, shook the hose, and nothing happened. God, why me? He could see the headlines now, "Wedding Couple Drowns in Antique Boat!"

Maybe he should go put the boat back on the trailer right now. Tell them he just couldn't make it. Once they get here, he won't be able to tell them, "Don't worry, but the boat is sinking." So the minutes ticked away and the water slowly rose in the bilge. So much was in there, it was making him sweat when he looked

at it. Finally he decided that if the water comes over the floorboards when they come aboard they'd know they couldn't go. But what if the water comes over the floorboards later, while we're out in the harbor? She'll begin screaming, "We're sinking!" and he'll have to take them to any old dock and the groom will say I ruined their wedding. Oh God! Why does he get into these situations?

After the reception our hero, driving into the sunset, had to turn the boat and it rolled heavily. He knew the water was deeper than it had ever been. At the dock the entire waterline was so far under it couldn't be seen. Fortunately there was no limit to how far the trailer could go in. The entire rear end of the truck was in the water getting the trailer out far enough to float the boat on. The truck tailpipe was under water; it sounded like a boat, too. A huge effort was required to pull all that water out of the water; everything was straining, even the captain. When the plug was pulled, water blasted out everywhere; off went the clean white shirt, out went the seat. He pulled the pump out, pulled off the hose and blew into it, a huge breath, and, puff, out came some kind of bug nest and the pump was fine again!

They say, "Alls well that ends well." The Skipper, however may never be the same!

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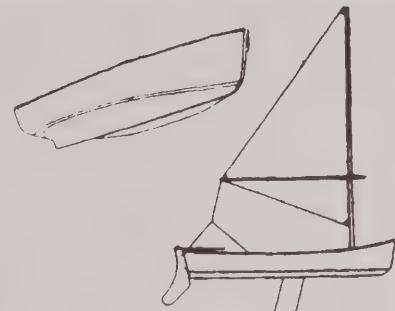
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It was broad daylight and bitter cold when we awoke on Thursday, November 18. The wind, while still blowing a gale, had moderated somewhat and the sea, though still high, seemed to have gone down a bit during the night. Charles, who had been doing a lot of mighty good work below deck since leaving Ponta Delgada, got a fire in the Shipmate and we were able to fry some porridge that had been cooked some time before and had been salvaged from the wreckage in Dillaway's bunk.

This, with more fried paste, or doughgods as we called them, and a little soup, added to the effect of a good night's rest and put the entire personnel into high spirits again. Except for his experience at the bilge pump during the ordeal of the day before, Dillaway had been confined to his bunk for several days and, due to his inability to recuperate on our limited fare, he was still down, although no longer suffering from seasickness.

A noon sight gave an altitude of  $31^{\circ} 56' 20''$ , which put us in latitude  $38^{\circ} 35' 07''$ .

By 2:00 conditions had moderated so that we were able to work on deck again and, after hoisting the jib and mizzen, we re-laced the head of the mainsail, and by 4:00 we were able to carry it. An afternoon sight put us in longitude  $70^{\circ} 44'$ , which meant that we were exactly 200 miles southeast of New York with the wind directly against us. The best we could do was a W x S course, but the wind seemed to be dying and we hoped for a shift before long.

A small land bird, probably driven offshore by the recent storm, came aboard during the afternoon but, unlike our little friend from Spain, he left us after resting for an hour or so. By 5:30 the wind had died and, after flattening in all the sails, we went below until 7:30, when a light breeze sprang up from W NW, allowing us to take the port tack and hold due north (magnetic), which was better than our earlier W x S course.

All night *Typhoon* sailed herself close hauled. As we were drawing in toward the shipping lanes we kept our usual watches, but it was unnecessary for anyone actually to be on deck. The man on watch sat in the warmth of the companionway with only his head exposed while the rest slept soundly. The lights of two vessels were seen during the night.

On Friday morning, November 19, the wind had backed nearly to the west, and the intense cold left no doubt that we had drawn well out of the Gulf Stream. In fact, it was cold enough for snow, and blowing so hard that it was a hardship to stay at the wheel for any length of time. Frequent drenchings with the icy spray added to the discomfort. We tried to stick it out under full sail, but at 8:30 in the morning we were forced to reef the main and at 1:00 PM we had to tie in another reef. Even thus shortened down, *Typhoon* staggered a bit, but we were now racing with hunger and we held her to it. A noon sight gave us latitude  $39^{\circ} 11' 51''$  and an afternoon sight  $71^{\circ} 04'$  longitude, which put us about 150 miles from Sandy Hook and about 115 miles from Montauk Point, confirming our decision to make for the eastern end of Long Island Sound.

At 3:00 PM a ship bound NE passed us within a quarter of a mile and, seizing upon the opportunity she afforded, Fox jumped to the main rigging armed with the log book and a frying pan and, held there by Charles, he semaphored, "Please report *Typhoon* from

ter of a mile or so ahead of us, he whipped out the message, "Please report yacht *Typhoon*, New York, 31 days from Azores." But evidently our friend could not read the message, for he stopped his engines and stood by while we came about and luffed up under his lee.

The ship proved to be the *Guillem Sorolla* of Valencia and, while we had merely intended to request him to relay our message by radio, the opportunity was too great a one to miss, and I decided that, since he was good enough to stop, we'd brace him for a little food. With some difficulty, and with the help of willing interpreters, I explained to the skipper, a grizzled old Spanish sea dog, that we had left the Azores 31 days ago and were practically out of food.

There was some mention of the gale, and the interpreter shouted down something that I could not entirely make out, but which sounded like "five ships lost - Jamaica - in that storm." After complying with their suggestion to come alongside and heave up a line, I sent up a card on the boathook, and the skipper handed me his by the same vehicle. It read, "Francisco Soler Aragonés, Capitán del Vapor *Guillem Sorolla*, Barcelona." By this time most of the ship's company, including a Jersey calf, had appeared at the rail and were gazing down on us, and there were many questions in most of the modern languages, from which I gathered that they were anxious to know whether we did this sort of thing for pleasure.

I smiled, pointed to the burgee of the New York Canoe Club, and then waited awkwardly while the skipper gave orders to his steward. Someone pitched down a few sea biscuits, and I think the alacrity with which Charles and Dillaway, who was again on deck, went after them must have convinced our friends that we were indeed hungry. But nothing further seemed to happen.

And then up from one of the hatches a caravan appeared, bearing bags and boxes that they brought to the rail and prepared to lower away. The first item to come aboard was a huge bag of sea biscuits. Then a big chunk of a hind quarter of beef, weighing at least 30 pounds, came down on the cabin trunk with a thud, followed in rapid succession by a large sack of rice, another of Spanish peas, 10 loaves of fresh bread, 15 pounds of sugar, a quarter of a keg of lard, a number of those big slabs of dried codfish called "bakala" by the Spaniards, bunches of onions, cabbages, salt pork, soup meat, and a leg of mutton.

I held up my hands, explaining to the kind old gentleman that we were coming from Europe, not bound there, and that all we wanted was enough food to take us into port. The situation amused the skipper immensely and, paying no attention to my protest, he stood at the rail and pelted us with apples, pears, peppers, and canned fruit. When the barrage finally subsided, our stock was increased by six large tins each of peaches, pears, milk, salmon, and sardines and then, just to do the job up in proper style, two bottles of cognac were lowered aboard.

As each missile hit the deck our spirits rose, and by the time the cognac came aboard, the crew of the *Typhoon* were cavorting and babbling like a Sunday school picnic, all of which seemed to delight our friend immensely.

The ethics of the sea demanded certain courtesies. We could not rush below straightway and eat, although the temptation was

# The Track of the Typhoon

By William Washburn Nutting



## Chapter XV Land Ho!

Azores." She repeated the message and must have forwarded it, as we found later that it had been picked up by the Navy stations, who already had been trying to find us.

At 4:40 PM we were forced to lower the mainsail entirely in order to avoid the risk of losing it, but we made nearly as good time under jib and mizzen with considerably less fuss. Taking advantage of the opportunity we got out the last sack of coal from the lazarette, for the cabin was a dreary place without a fire in the Shipmate.

It was still impossible to do any cooking on the range because of the ever-present danger of spilling the contents of the pans, but we managed to fry the usual doughgods on the primus that is hung in gimbals. It was a three-man job. Fox, propped between the companion steps and the oilskin locker, held the batter while Charles steadied the Skipper, who was lashed in place with a line about his waist. The result was scarcely worthy of mention. At 9:00 PM the boys turned in, dead tired, and I sat out the first watch enjoying the heat of the stove, while *Typhoon* sailed herself, actually beating her way to windward under shortened sail.

Saturday, November 19, the 31st day from Ponta Delgada, was the best day of the whole cruise. Sailing herself through the night, the entire crew took advantage of the opportunity to get another good sleep. Even the man on watch dozed comfortably in the warmth of the companionway. At 7:00 we all turned out, except Dillaway, who, still a bit weak, was instructed to keep to his berth, as there was no need of his getting up.

After repairing the clew of the mainsail that had been torn out, we shook out the reef, hoisted it, came about on the starboard tack, and held a W x N course, the wind having hauled during the night from W to N. A morning sight gave us a longitude position of  $71^{\circ} 18'$  and, by holding a W x N course, we could possibly pick up Montauk Point during the following night.

At 11:00 AM we sighted a ship off the port bow headed on an easterly course and, as it looked as if we should just about meet her, Fox took his position in the rigging armed with log book and frying pan. As she passed a quar-

great. As we cast off, we gave the *Guillem Sorolla* three lusty cheers, dipped our ensign, and saluted with the foghorn, to which she replied with much cheering, blast after blast of the whistle, and many a dip of her Spanish ensign as she got underway again for Europe.

And then, letting *Typhoon* sail herself, we rushed below and prepared the greatest meal that we had ever eaten. To the Skipper fell the privilege of cutting off huge steaks that we cooked and served between slices of wonderful Spanish bread. For hours we ate, finishing the repast with the fruit that we had craved for days. The effect on the crew was miraculous. Dillaway was again himself and, with our belts fitting snugly once more, we felt capable of going back the way we had come. At least we had food enough for the passage.

That night we had a real roast of beef, cooked in the oven, with brown gravy, fresh vegetables, more fruit, and cognac, and we turned in with a glowing charity for each other, the world in general and especially for the skipper of the *Guillem Sorolla*.

Months later, in reply to a letter I had written him to express our gratitude, I received one from Captain Soler, which shows the spirit of the man far better than I can do it. It reads:

Compania Trasmediterranea, Barcelona  
Vapor *Guillem Sorolla*, Barcelona, 12th de  
February de 1921, Mr. William Washburn  
Nutting, F.R.G.S., New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I am very much pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor of January 8, 1921, informing me your happy arrival to the great city of New York.

Since our departure, after that interesting scene in the high sea, I tried to advise to the Radiotelegraphic station of Arlington your situation, which with great anxiety were asking for the *Typhoon*'s fate, and what I could not reply till to find another ship's station to serve me as intermediate, because mine was insufficiently strong.

I am very much grateful to the *Typhoon*'s crew for the salute rendered to the Spanish flag, which as you know was turn back by all the crew of my ship, with sympathetic demonstrations to the flag of the powerful country of the United States. Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

During our trip we remembered and spoken with admiration of these five brave Americans who, thinking nothing of their life, faced the danger to pass through the Atlantic in November in so a little boat. Should I form part of the Washington Government I would propose you for a great insignia as a reward to the valour and merite.

Referring to the value of the food supplied to you, I wish you know that I consider me greatly paid with the honor to auxiliate five heroes who, by their proper will form a part of the great family who pass through the immense sea, to whom I consider as my brothers. It is the best lieu for the humanitarian suggestion. About this, allow me a Spanish proverb, "Today for you, tomorrow for me."

All as regretted very much that due to the strong storm should not be possible to you to remain longer at our side, for I had ordered to prepare some poultry, tobacco, and some things more that I was desirous to furnish you.

I am heartily sorry that one of the members of your crew be sick and I send my best wishes for a speedy recovered.

I will be greatly pleased in receiving a

copy of your Motor Boat Book, which I will read with my best attention and interest and same with *Typhoon*'s photographs.

I will be always at your disposition and if some day I return to New York I will be glad to have the pleasure to shake hands with you.

Your sincerely friend as ever,  
(Signed) Francisco Soler, Master

Through the quaint phraseology of that letter shines the soul of a true veteran of the sea, a member of that brotherhood in which petty barriers of nationality or creed or wealth are forgotten in a closer bond of true fellowship than ever existed among the people of the land. Capt. Francisco Soler has the undying gratitude of the crew of the *Typhoon*.

Before casting off from the *Guillem Sorolla*, we obtained from the First Officer his latitude and longitude, which differed from our estimated position by several miles. Assuming that our position after 31 days at sea was probably incorrect, we changed our course a bit to the west to fetch Montauk Point, planning to enter the eastern end of Long Island Sound. At 6:00 on Sunday morning, November 20, Dillaway, who was at the wheel, reported a light off the port bow just where we figured that Montauk Point should have been.

But instead of the ten-second flash of Montauk, it showed a group of three flashes. Feeling that we were, if anything, to the eastward of Montauk, the next most probable guess was Block Island, but referring to the light list we found that the light on the southern end of the island was a fixed one. The only light possible on this section of the coast showing three flashes was Shinnecock, which is on Long Island, 32 miles to the westward of Montauk.

By this time the growing daylight had dimmed the flashes so that we could no longer time them, but as soon as it was light enough I recognized the shaft of Shinnecock. Had we taken our own position instead of that of our friends, we should have come very near hitting Montauk, a fact that is difficult to explain, since we claim no particular skill in navigation.

The wind was from the northeast, and to avoid the long beat necessary to make the eastern end of the Sound, we decided to run before it along the Long Island coast. Attracted by the first land we had seen in over a month, we drew in close to the beach, enjoying the panorama as we bowled along at a good six knots. At 1:20 PM Fire Island Light was abeam. Drawing still closer in toward the beach to drink in the unusual sight of sunlight on the yellow sand, the deserted cottages, the life-saving stations, we gave no thought to the chart, spending our time rather in concocting wonderful things to eat.

At about 4:30 I noticed some strange-looking waves ahead of us, of a kind we had not had outside, and before I realized what we were getting into we came down in the hollow of a sea and hit the hard bottom with a thump. Looking seaward, I saw two buoys a mile or so off the beach and realized instantly that we had cut over the shoal that makes out from Jones Inlet. Throwing the wheel hard over, we actually got out of it without hitting again, but it was a close call and a warning that coastwise sailing requires constant attention to business.

When well out in deep water again we

jibed to the starboard tack, but the wind by this time was nearly astern of us. To keep it on the starboard quarter caused us to work in again too close to the land, necessitating another jibe. Lowering the peak and hauling in the sheet, we eased her over, but the shock was too great for our weather-beaten mainsail, which let go with the crack of a pistol shot and tore completely across from leech to luff.

Things were happening to us with a vengeance. We had escaped stranding on our own threshold, only to lose our mainsail, but nothing much mattered except that we were actually almost within sight of the Woolworth Building. Darkness came on, and one after another the rows of lights that mark the boardwalks of the deserted beaches all too slowly dropped astern. At 10:00 we picked up the red flash of Norton Point, and keeping well out so as to avoid the shoal which lies off Rockaway Point, we made for it and, after an unsuccessful effort to beat up the bay against the tide under jib and mizzen, we gave it up and anchored off the old Atlantic Y.C. in Gravesend Bay, a few hours over 32 days from the time we had left Ponta Delgada.

On the following day, we beat up the narrows against the tide and a strong northwester and tied up in the slip at St. George, Staten Island, where we were forced to spend the night for the simple reason that the wind blew a gale and we were unable to get out of the slip. And then the reporters and the movie folks descended upon us, and we learned that Mr. Harding had been elected.

But our tribulations were not yet over. After a strenuous night of pitching in the slip it still remained to take *Typhoon* up the East River, through Hell Gate, and into Long Island Sound, and to do this under shortened sail proved more of an ordeal than taking her across the Atlantic. Awaiting a favorable tide, we got underway late in the afternoon with the assistance of our good friends, W.P. and Koke Stephens and Henry Frisch, and all went well until we got into the lee of the big buildings on the lower end of Manhattan. By this time it was dark. With no skyline visible, the huge shapes of the skyscrapers were shown only by the myriad lights from the office windows, a fairy scene that moved even the English contingent to frank admiration.

Suddenly we found ourselves blanketed with about one knot steerage way in a four-knot tide, and before we could work out into the middle of the stream, we were caught among a lot of barges tied up on the Long Island side, splintering the corner of our counter and one side of our rail. Thinking that we were doing this sort of thing because we liked it, an irate tugboat captain bawled us out for blundering into his berth. This was the last straw and, vying with each other in our command of the language of the cattle ship, Koke Stephens and I answered him in kind so effectively that he must have thought that we were thoroughly initiated members of the marine truck driver's union.

At any rate, his attitude changed perceptibly, and he threw us a line and jerked us out into midstream with a cheery "Good Luck" as we cast off. I suspect that by this time he had recognized the little ship as most of the other craft seemed to have done by daylight, judging by the tooting that marked our passage up the river.

In order to do Hell Gate in daylight and with a favorable tide we pulled in near the New

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\* Practical Sailor 1998 sand holding tests

York Y.C. station for the night, and the next day shot through the Gate under jib, mizzen and storm trisail, successfully negotiating the whirlpools, and anchoring off Whitestone Landing.

And so it was that the idea that had its birth in the cabin of the *Elsie* on the Bras d'Or Lakes 13 months before, the idea of building a boat that should cross the Atlantic, was realized.



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*Typhoon* under jib, mizzen and storm trisail working her way through Hell Gate at the end of her cruise.



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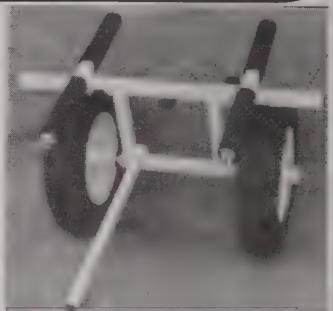
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You know, I don't do things that I don't like to do if I can help it. I'm good at it too. I haven't been to town since 1969. I wish I could figure out a way to stay away from boat ramps. Our boat is small and light so I used to be able to just find a thin place in the bushes to put in, but now the banks are all bought up and guarded by Rottweilers. We have go to the boat ramp. We are quick though. My wife and I have a little carefully choreographed ritual that, unless we bump heads, works like clock-work. The only thing wrong with it is how self-conscious I feel right there in front of all those people, not only the ones at the boat ramp but those sitting at the tables on the veranda of the Tiki Bar, staring out from under the palm fronds of the old roachy cabanas that shade their tables.

Because the boat ramp is the only public access to the water that leads to our house, I have go there to pick up my relatives who like to cast off the chains of their megalomania every now and then and come to the coast and marvel at all the necessities of life that we ain't got. In the wintertime, I have to visit the boat ramp at least twice a week and in the summer, Lord knows, sometimes it is twice a day.

Sometimes they are not quite ready when I get there, and I have to wait while they go into the Tiki Bar to use the bathroom. I don't stay there in the middle of the launching melee while I wait. I paddle out into the eddy of a tied-up shrimp boat and try to blend into the landscape. I also try to avert my eyes from the doings at the boat ramp, but it is impossible. Along with the regulars of the Tiki Bar, I have seen some terrible things.

One time, I was supposed to pick up my yuppie niece. Despite the fact that she has to drive all the way from north of Atlanta, she is usually on time. I asked her how she did it. "I drive like hell." Well, she finally blew a piston out the tailpipe or something and was late. I hung around, following the shade of a shrimp boat and watched the launchings. The road was full all the way up around the bend with about three million bucks worth of big-deal boats on trailers waiting their turn. The invisible people sat in their idling sport utility vehicles with the blacked-out windows rolled up and the AC blowing.

The turn came for the biggest outboard powered boat I ever saw to launch. The man backed down onto the ramp OK. His nice looking wife got out and held the rope while he used the inertia launch method by backing down the ramp and dragging his brakes. The behemoth didn't come off the trailer like it was supposed to, so he got out and checked that the tie-downs were loose while his wife stood there holding the rope and other hopeful launchers began to get out of their air conditioning so they could stand around supervising and consulting. The patrons of the Tiki Bar manned the rail.

The man got back into the car and must have decided that it was time to launch her for sure. He backed down the ramp about 30 mph and when he locked the brakes, the whole business slid down into the river, all except for his wife who had sense enough to drop the line. The boat, trailer and all, were swept downriver around the end of the little dock by the outgoing tide. This jackknifed the man's truck all the way into the water except for the very top of the roof and the hood ornament. He had to climb out the window. All the other hopeful launchers abandoned their rigs and wandered

## Boat Ramp Antics

By Robb White

off in the direction of the Tiki Bar. Luckily, about then, I saw my niece waving from the other side of the river and picked her up, illegally, at the Coast Guard dock.

Another time, I was stuck at the boat ramp all morning. I had, stupidly, bragged about one of my abilities and got myself obligated to re-stuff the stuffing box on this lady's sailboat there in her slip right beside the boat ramp so she could save the haul-out fee. I thought she was going to hang around and hand me tools and cool glasses of lemonade while I was head-down in the bilges under the cockpit and fuel tank, but no, I stupidly agreed to lend her my skiff so she could go back to the island and wait for me to call her on the VHF when I was through. I'm glad I am not a sexist anymore and am able to put everyone on an equal footing.

My stuffing box fixing method is simple and quick. First, I get in the water and cram a paper towel into the crack between the shaft and the rubber of the shaft bearing with an oyster knife (As an aside, funny how shaft bearings have those fish names to designate the size, names like "cod." My sailboat uses a "bloater." A Navy motor whaleboat takes a "dogfish." The reason I know all that is because I memorized those names in preparation for my license examination.).

After I get out of the water, I go down in the boat and scramble back behind the engine with the stuffing and the hook clenched in my teeth and a pair of rusty Channel Lock pliers in each hand. This particular job went so smooth that I was through before the woman got out of sight in the no-wake zone. I had to wait for her to get to the VHF at her house.

While I was in the water, this man launched a big deep "V" outboard boat. The launch must not have gone too well because I could hear a good little bit of loud cussing coming down to me through my snorkel. By the time I got through diving in the water and started diving in the engine room, he was trying to run his battery down cranking on his engine. After I got the stuffing stuffed and was sitting in the shade of the Bimini top waiting for my ride, he was taking the battery out of his truck. I tried to hide in the shallow cockpit while he ran that battery down, too.

His wife or girlfriend, a nice looking young lady, was sitting on the icebox on the dock while this man was cussing and fuming and squirting gasoline all over himself. The truck, still in the boat ramp, was running, wide open, trying to re-charge the boat battery. Though it was late and the launchings had slowed down, some people came and politely waited for the man to clear out. By that time, I had abandoned the boat I was on and hopes of a call on the VHF to get away from all that gas and electrical sparks and potential violence.

Finally, the young lady managed to draw his attention to the people waiting to launch their boat. Though he screamed at her, he did move his truck just enough so that they could get by. Then he tied his boat up with a bad looking tangle of line to the end of the little dock while he continued as before, cussing, cranking, squirting gas and drawing big dan-

gerous sounding sparks. While I was sneaking back to the VHF, sort of like you do when you are trying to slip up on a squirrel, keeping things between you and the quarry and only moving when he is looking in the other direction, the man and his boat somehow came loose from the dock and began to drift down the river.

The man was so busy with his crazy mechanic work that he didn't notice until he was out of reach. The little vestigial paddle that is required by law didn't do a bit of good against the current and he continued toward the mouth of the river. After the sound of his voice had diminished to just the hint of a furious chirp every now and then, the lady stood up from the icebox, opened the lid, got out a grape drink in an aluminum can, and plopped herself back down and drank it. I could see her tongue turn blue.

Next time I came topside from a VHF attempt she, the icebox, the truck, and the trailer were long gone. When the beneficiary of the stuffing box job finally came and got me, we went out another of the tributaries of the river, and I don't know what ever became of that man. I kept expecting to see a ball of fire ascend above the tree line.

The latest event was just the other day. Spring is the best sailing weather around here and there is sometimes a sailboat in the line with all the mega-monsters and metalflakes at the boat ramp. I had to hang around while my son went to the grocery store for us. I lurked in the shadows while this nice looking couple launched a small fiberglass cabin sailboat. As usual, there is a power line astride this boat ramp, but these people were savvy enough not to electrocute themselves and, after launching, they led the boat down the bank toward the Tiki Bar, out of danger, though not out of view, to raise the mast.

They were savvy enough to know about electricity but they didn't notice that something like a turnbuckle clevis pin had vibrated out on the road, and when they pulled the mast up with forestay it just kept coming. It crashed down on top of one of the cabanas of the Tiki Bar, knocking the props out from under the thatching which fell onto the occupants of the table (drinking beer at 9:30 in the morning, serves them right).

By the time the beer drinkers had managed to root out from under all that trash and were hopping around trying to slap the huge, insolent, Florida roaches (called palmetto bugs by the prissy, but the actual, accepted common name is Walker's Enormous, Stinking Cockroach) off before they could climb the rest of the way up their necks, the citronella candle had set the palmetto fronds on fire. Only quick work with a bucket by me and a little Spanish-speaking boy who was crabbing off the shrimp boat dock saved the whole shebang from going up in smoke. He told me later that it is not good to let the roof of the cabana fall into the fire.

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*Canada* as she looked in her heyday.

This spring, Canada's oldest registered sailing vessel passes her 100th birthday quietly. The lack of public fanfare is understandable, for soon she will have a party like no other.

Since 1995, volunteers have been carefully restoring the 60' length overall vessel, and someday in the near future she will sail again, proudly.

Appropriately named *Canada*, she withstood years of neglect and Canadian weather waiting for the right combination of ambition and dedication to get her hull into the water again.

One person breathing a sigh of relief is Phil Ludlow.

"I'm thrilled. I'm waiting to go for a sail," says the owner of Ludlow Boatworks, near Kemptville, Ontario.

He has guarded the boat over the past 15 years as he waited for someone to give it a second chance.

#### Legend

*Canada* is a legend in her home waters of New Brunswick, and her accomplishments are no less than those of another famous eastern Canadian ship, *Bluenose*.

Her smaller size and recreational yacht status probably robbed her of greater recognition over the years.

She was designed by James McIntyre of Boston, Massachusetts, and was built by William Heans Sr. for his son, Fred S. Heans, and

Well-built and exhibiting exquisite attention to detail, she was getting tired after nearly 75 years of racing.

Fred Heans became the sole owner of the boat in 1910 and sailed her until his death in 1943, when his son, Fred G. Heans, inherited it.

He sold it in 1948, bought it back in 1952, and retained ownership until it was sold again in 1966.

*Canada's* first engine was installed in 1910. In 1923 her sail area was reduced by 25% to make her easier to single-hand. That same year she received her first major overhaul.

In 1925 *Canada* became a marconi-rigged sloop and continued to win races. She was converted a third time in 1932 and rigged as a yawl with her centreboard enclosed in her keel. Her engine was also changed.

From 1966 on, the boat deteriorated until it was finally donated to the Lanark County branch of the Navy League of Canada by its then owner Major Bill Gamblin.

Mr. Gamblin, originally from St. John, had known the boat and its history. He purchased it before it went to the scrap yard and shipped it to Ontario, wanting to see it restored. Not having the resources available to fix *Canada*, he stored the boat in Carleton Place, Ontario until he donated it to the Navy League. The Navy League, hoping to restore the boat as a sail training vessel, brought it to Mr. Ludlow's yard in 1984, but their plans fell apart.

Mr. Ludlow bought the boat and it sat patiently waiting for salvation.

Another attempt at restoration brought even more disappointment until a new group looked at the project.

Throughout *Canada's* time in his yard, many people inquired after her fate. Stories had been written about the boat's potential restoration and it was featured in national yachting publications.

#### Restoration

"In late 1994 I contacted several people and they began forming a new group," explains Mr. Ludlow.

By April 1995, the Sailing Yacht Canada Restoration Project had incorporated as a non-profit organization and purchased the boat for \$1.

The new group, with enthusiastic support from former owner Major Gamblin, jumped into the project with enthusiasm.

They formulated a plan and dedicated themselves to repairing the boat. They work on the boat as money becomes available. Several corporate sponsors have donated money along with several hundred members.

"We're looking for a major sponsor," says Don Sangster, one of the project organizers as he takes a break from dusty, hot work in the plastic "Canada House."

In the past three years they have made major strides, first protecting the boat under a frame and plastic cover, building a large steel frame underneath, and beginning the painstaking job of restoration.

It has truly been a labor of love.

Before they could begin, the boat had to be shored up and lines developed. Luckily, Mr. MacIntyre was a prolific boat builder and he made half-models of his hulls. While the actual original line drawings could not be lo-

## Canada

By Mark King

two friends, Howard Holder and Howard Camp. Construction took place in 1897 in Saint John, New Brunswick in a shed behind the former New Brunswick Cold Storage on Main Street.

Launched June 9, 1898, into St. John harbor, she immediately drew stares for her amazing amount of sail area.

On a 60' LOA hull that was only 27' on the waterline, with an 11'4" beam, the gaff-rigged sloop carried 1,753 square feet of canvas. A photograph of her launch resides in the New Brunswick Museum.

With a full keel draft of 4'6", she was winning races shortly after hitting the water. She entered 12 races her first year, winning 7 and coming second in 4. In one of those second place finishes she was actually first across the finish but time allowance factors placed her second. She was disqualified in one race. *Canada's* home port was the Kennebeccasis Yacht Club, which coincidentally was granted its charter the same year *Canada* was launched. She raced on the Kennebeccasis River, the St. John River, and in the Bay of Fundy right up until 1965.

By that time, she needed extensive repairs.

cated, the half-model still exists with the Heans family in St. John, and Mr. Ludlow was able to produce lines from that model. Still, vagaries in boat building and the wear of the years, have meant some talented "guesstimating," has had to take place.

As the project moves forward, the restoration team tackles all the problems, many of which would make an individual stop cold. The bow section has been particularly troublesome.

Over the years it sagged significantly and, while most of *Canada's* ribs have been replaced, this spring the bow waited while the group finalized their approach.

#### Coffee and dust

Every Saturday morning the active restoration group congregates in the Ludlow's kitchen as Linda, Phil's wife, doles out hot coffee.

After a little chat and some catch-up time on the overall project, they head out to the yard and get to work.

Some climb up into the boat, while others take patterns into the shop and cut pieces of wood. Dust and tools are everywhere.

Few had much boat building experience when they started.

Fifteen-year-old Jay Brauneisen, so far the youngest member of the restoration crew, steps nimbly across a few planks positioned where a deck used to be.

"I'm learning a lot. It's fun," he admits. He is also working on a merit badge for Venturers.

Mr. Sangster is one of the few with previous boat experience. "I made cedar strip canoes," he explains. Dr. Sangster, as he is known in his professional life, is a geologist who retired in 1995. Gregarious, he remains reserved about his role, but enthuses about what the group is accomplishing.

Besides learning more about boat building, "we are preserving a bit of the country's history," he notes.

The task facing the group isn't daunting.

"We will need about \$1 million by the time the boat is launched," he explains. The group has already raised about \$60,000.

Volunteers have put hundreds of hours each into the project.

Mr. Sangster hopes *Canada* will be seaworthy again by around 2000, but won't pin down a date.

"It all depends on the money."

If the group can find a major sponsor, it will begin hiring professionals to repair the boat. If the money keeps coming in from fundraisers and memberships, the same group will continue moving forward.

It's not important when the project is finished, as long as it moves ahead and eventually is completed.

That sentiment is echoed among the volunteers gathered on a cool Saturday in March. Romeo Roy, a carpenter who lives in Manotick, Ontario, but who is from New Brunswick originally, heard about the boat at

Top right: Deciding how to tackle the bow section of *Canada*. It had sagged so badly the volunteer crew struggled with the question of how to tackle its restoration.

Bottom right: A view from the stern as work progressed through 1998. There is no deadline set for the *Canada's* restoration, but 2000 and something looks good.



a home show. "It's quite different from what I am used to. I'm learning a lot."

Eugene Sequin, from Richmond, Ontario, saw the group at a boat show and visited their website before jumping on board. He comes each Saturday to learn. "It's worthwhile," he says.

"I always wanted to work on a wooden boat," notes Bob MacLaren, a retired naval architect who is used to working plans for navy ships. He drives out from Gloucester, Ontario, each Saturday.

It is a captivating project according to all. "It gets into your blood," admits Jean Lemieux, a geophysicist from Manotick who previously restored small dinghies.

Once it is finished, *Canada* will become an ambassador. Already the town of Prescott, Ontario, has approached the group, offering a permanent home.

#### Other Activities

Besides working on the boat, the group maintains other activities to keep the work moving forward.

They attend special events, like boat shows, selling souvenirs and showing off the boat's history and many of its "nautical bits," pieces gleaned from the vessel.

A newsletter keeps the 200 or so members informed about the boat's progress and other relevant information and meetings attract members to hear guest speakers.

At one of those, Major Gamblin explained about "Canada's Luck," a small bible that was placed on board in 1908 by Fred Holder Sr., who at the time was a co-owner. The bible was found aboard a wrecked vessel on the shore of the Bay of Fundy. It is credited with much of the good fortune that has followed *Canada* and, even today, it remains on board, preserved and protected while the restoration takes place.

#### Canada Day

On June 27 and 28 this year, the second annual Canada Day takes place. Antique boats, a flea market, activities, and events gather and take place at Ludlow Boatworks to help raise awareness of, and money for, *Canada*'s restoration.

For further information about the boat or any of these activities, contact Ludlow Boat Works at 613-259-4270. Memberships in the project are \$10 and information can be obtained at the same number or on the Internet at [www.clal.ca/sy-canada/](http://www.clal.ca/sy-canada/).



## A Friendship Sloop Returns to the Sea (Lake)

By Greg Grundtisch

My wife Naomi and I bought a 25' wooden Friendship sloop in June 1996. We found it in Jonesport, Maine, and had it shipped to Lancaster, New York. We worked almost every weekend on it for two summers.

Finally we had enough work completed to sail her, but our season was coming to an end. I thought about scrapping the season and waiting for next year, but Naomi said, "No, we spent too much time, waited too long, and worked too hard not to sail her." Not to mention our dock fees were already paid.

So, on September 20, 1998, *Sea Dog* went back to sea (lake). Because we are novice sailors, we enlisted the help of Mr. Tom Gruenauer, an accomplished sailor and boat restorer. His assistance and instruction proved invaluable to us. With Naomi at the wheel, we motored down the Buffalo River past a freighter unloading grain. The workers waved and shouted compliments. People along the shore took notice of her as well as the pleasure boaters with more shouts of approval. She looked darn good, and the boat did too!

It was shortly thereafter that we learned our first sailing lesson. Never allow the peak halyard to slide over the side with the motor running, it goes straight to the propeller like a magnet. Mr. Gruenauer thought it was mildly amusing. It was a wonderful day for beginners, light winds and bright sunshine, excellent for me to go diving to untangle the prop.

Things began to improve after that. We learned about the way *Sea Dog* handled, some basic sailing instruction, and had a good time in the process.

Heading back toward the river at the end of our first trip, we learned another valuable lesson. Always keep halyards, dock lines, jib sheets, etc. coiled neatly and secured properly. While lowering the mainsail, we raised a "rats nest" up to the blocks at the mastband. It stayed there. With no ratlines or means to go aloft, we had to leave it that way as we came in.

This caused a great deal of embarrassment to Mr. Gruenauer as we passed curious

well-wishers along the river.

And, if that wasn't enough, we knocked him over the side coming up to the docks. It was a warm day and I'm sure he found it refreshing! He was shouting something to that effect as he swam to another boat, climbed up, and onto the dock. There, once again his expertise proved invaluable while we tried three times to "dock the dog" parallel between a 24' open fisherman and a 45' steel hulled sloop. It was our good fortune the hull was steel. That long bowsprit is tricky!

It was a fun first day for beginners with lots of excitement. Mr. Gruenauer calmed down enough to untie him from the dock, and the day ended for most on a positive note.

Our next few times out got even better. We learned more about boat handling and what to do before the screaming starts. More mindful of the dangers, we did go out in 35 mph winds with 8' waves. Exciting stuff for beginners! We had a short first season, but with a little help from our friends it was a very successful one. This year we are in on time for a full season of adventure. I hope Mr. Gruenauer is ready for it.

Up the Dog!



I recall that some modern motor yacht has made the Atlantic crossing, with extra fuel in deflatable tanks on deck and wherever else they could stow it, and it was supposed to be an amazing feat, good for the record books, and all that, but certainly not the way I would want to travel the oceans. Despite the fact that I am not a motor man (I feel they are too noisy and unless regularly used, are a true pain in the neck and expensive to maintain) it was with delight that my eye fell on Mr. Haig's Trans Ocean Range Motoryachts, in *The Boatbuilder*.

The one depicted here is the smallest of four models, ranging from 31' to 45'. They all have a range of 2300nm, which would take you to Hawaii. As that range is somewhat pushing it, personally I would rig an auxiliary sail as shown, about the simplest in existence and still in use on the east coast of India, and the NW coast of Sri Lanka. This rig could be inexpensively made, from cheap materials and with inexperienced labor; it consists of two rectangular pieces of material. The idea would be that one would naturally follow the downwind sailing courses of bygone days, to travel a few days with the wind, so as to save some extra fuel that may be needed upon making land.

The craft is simplicity itself. It could be made from ply, or aluminum. Living for that length of time inside a fiberglass hull would not be advantageous for your health; however, "you pays your money, you makes your choice". Made from ply or aluminum (if you know how to weld the stuff), the building set-up could be the so-called Chesapeake bay method, as many times shown and explained by Phil Bolger in his books. Even I, noted for lack of manual expertise, have built several boats by that method.

The outlay of the boat(s), again, is simplicity itself. Ask Mr. Haig about what to do

## Dreamboats

### The Trans Ocean Range Motor Yachts

#### Of C. Raymond Haig, N.A.

By Richard Carsen

when the central, under the wheelhouse, fuel tanks get empty on a long trip. Are there ballast tanks to compensate? Or does the design make this unnecessary? The speed in knots, is 9 for the 31 footer and goes up to 12 for the 45 footer. Fuel capacity (for 2300 mile range) 150gal for the former and 225gal for the latter.

What I particularly like is that the power-unit is an outboard. The recommended power for this unit is 30hp for all four sizes. This has many great advantages: It can be taken out and stowed; a spare unit can be carried. When taken out, they are easy to work on (which most inboard units are not). If you do not like to have your unit exposed, you can build out the aft end of your craft to have the outboard operate in a protective well. You can lock it in the boat, or take it home, when not in use. Motor up, the draft is about 9-1/2" which gives you tremendous advantages in finding a berth or creeping up a tiny cove. Mr. Haig does mention enjoying twin engine reliability by using two 15hp outboards. Outboard aficionados can probably come up with many more advantages.

The craft sleeps four; this means that on a crossing three men can take the 4-on 8-off watches, with a shift of watch covering three days. This allows one man free to cook and attend to other kitchen and household chores, an old fashioned and sensible arrangement.

As they did in the olden days: get a group

of four together, and split expenses, time and labor. Make sure that at least two men know navigation; simple nav is not beyond anyone's capability. Simple nav books do exist, while handheld nav computers are available. What you need is sufficient basic understanding (and a plastic sextant) just in case the technology lets you down.

I wrote Mr. Haig, congratulating him on his fine design, and asking permission to publish it in "Dream Boats". He readily agreed. It is my sincere hope that those who have played with the idea of an Alaska trip or maybe even to Greenland, will give this design a very thorough look. Info sheets can be had from Mr. Haig for \$2. Plans, I think, are \$80. He can be reached at: C. Raymond Haig, N.A., 19 Chapel St. Suite 224, Newport, RI 02840. Tel.: (401) 846-3441.

Mr. Haig responded to my interest as follows:

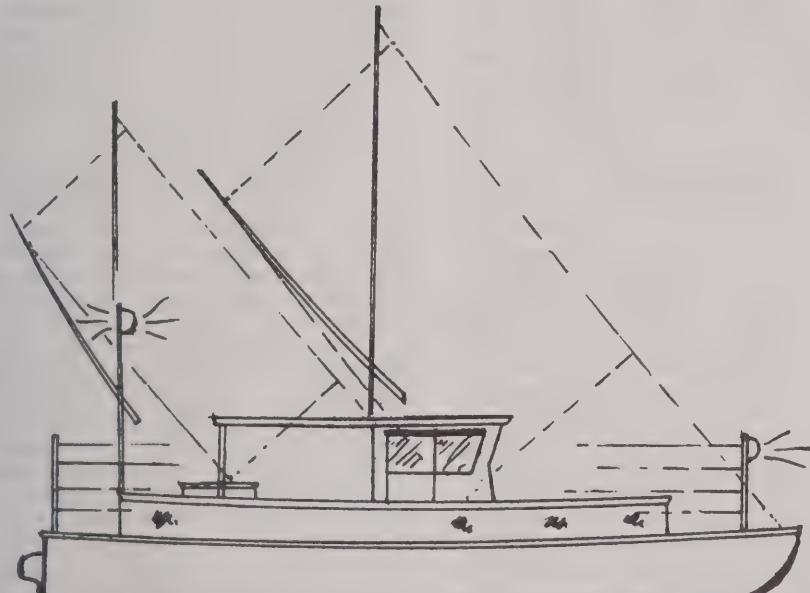
"Your article is great, and much of your thinking coincides with my own.

So far as crew size, I had in mind a crew of four with two hot bunking on the fixed berths, and the dinettes which seat four would be converted to berths only when at port and hotel accommodations could not be found. Anyway when at port most of the meals would be eaten ashore at restaurants.

So far as equipment goes prices for navigation equipment have gotten rather reasonable, for example: VHF basic 25 watt units are being advertised for as little as about \$100, GPS units without the mapping feature for about \$150. A sextant is only a back up for GPS failure and doesn't have to be fancy, a \$25 plastic one is okay. 600' range fishfinders, which can be used as depth guages, are being advertised at about \$100. Multi-channel radio receivers with FBOs can be bought at most large suburban department stores. These would be used primarily for news and entertainment but are also necessary for getting the exact time. \$20 will buy you a scientific calculator for celestial navigation calculations

Radar and ship to shore communications stuff is pretty expensive for most home builders and require a lot of electric power. However low cost radio communication can be obtained by going to CW novice ham radio which because of its very narrow band width can get range with about 100th the power required for voice. Having a ham licence also gives you the privilege of fixing your transmitter if it needs adjustment.

When it comes to sails, I would recommend a simple cat stay sail yawl rig using used sails. One would also need a keel. A very popular keel for the Chesapeake Bay is a shallow fixed one just enough deep to protect the prop."



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## Remembering the Admiral of London's Round Pond Fleet

By Mark Steele

Every sailing pond I think has at least one, character sailors who turn up, often on their own, armed with their self-created boats. The Round Pond in London's Kensington area, as I remember it, was, in the 1950's, the Sunday home to George Phillipott, certainly one of the most delightful men I have ever encountered.

I was on a working apprenticeship from my then British Guiana employers, the Booker Group, spending time with various advertising agencies. Strolling the footpath that encircled the famous pond some 10 days after arrival, I had the good fortune to meet the man that I always refer to as the "Admiral of the Round Pond Fleet."

In his very late 70's (at least), George would arrive by London double-decker bus with his model *Thermopylae* on a trailer crudely constructed out of an old Triang baby pram, and after dismounting and carefully crossing High Street Kensington, would labour up the steep incline, with frequent stops for deep breaths, arriving at the pond just after 11:00 in the morning.

At the pond, he would then assemble the sails and rudder, throw a bit of grass up into the air in order to see where the wind blew it, and after setting the rudder on the free sail clipper, he would launch it with the aid of a long rubber-ended stick that he always carried.

With a good wind, the 36" or thereabouts tea clipper was fast, on one occasion just too fast for the writer's young legs, and was only just saved from the irony of a smashed bow by a lady who stooped and then stopped *Thermopylae* in the nick of time with her umbrella! Whoever told anyone that they could outrun even a replica of a famous tea clipper under full sail! I distinctly remember the Admiral's own words, "She outran ye lad, she's a right missile in a good blow!"

I became George's "gofer" or first mate, as every Sunday for a couple of hours we would stroll around the pond while the boat went the ways of the wind, and I ran ahead whenever I was needed to catch her and prevent a catastrophic collision with the concrete sides of the pond. Then it was out with the old flask George carried in a bag and he would say, "Time for a cuppa Mark, let's leave the old girl here on the pram to charm the strollers, shall we?"

His great uncle had served aboard the famous tea clipper, and old George had great hopes of having somebody make something out of screeds of pencil written notes, some of which had badly faded, that had been written by his relative. Regrettably, I was not up to the task at that time.

I have to say that the Admiral's *Thermopylae* did not really resemble the tea clipper of that name at all and, as I remember it, was fairly crudely constructed, but sail well she certainly did. I was not into photography on a serious basis then, and I therefore never really got a good photograph of the man who



became a good friend. Armed only with a small Brownie box camera, the only image I have of George ("me backside is me best part lad") is one of him about to guide his pride and joy to a docking, after "another great ocean crossing" (one of his sayings).

On one occasion I took him into a pub in the area before loading the boat carrying pram onto the bus, and while we sat at a crowded table near the door, the boat drew constant attention within view on the pavement outside. "She's a charmer that old sea dog, she's a right charmer all right!"

The conductors on his regular bus all knew George, several giving him a hearty greeting and taking time to help us both stow the pram carefully and out of harm's way for his ride home. "Tek it easy, Admiral," one West Indian lady would say while giving him an arm up). "Dis bus en goin' no place till you is safe aboard, tek it slow darlin'!"

Sadly George died some years later and his beloved and much sailed *Thermopylae* probably ended up in the rubbish container. Maybe not, and for all you know, she might even be sailing the same Round Pond seas under another skipper to this day. Before I left England, and on our last day at the pond together, he gave me a tiny hand-carved clipper in an electric bulb that he had done for me, and I swear that there were tears in the old admiral's eyes as we parted.

There are strange, often unexplained, happenings, and years later on returning to London on a visit, I called in for a stroll around the pond. Within a few feet perhaps, of the very spot that I remembered as being where I had first stopped to chat with George, a paper boat bobbed around against the concrete side of the pond.

I took it rightly or wrongly, that George Phillipott, Admiral of the Round Pond Fleet, had, some 20 years on in time, sent me a message. Armed with a better camera this time, I dutifully recorded what he would have called "the end of another great ocean crossing."

God bless the George Phillipotts of today's model yacht sailing world.





# Maine Watercraft Museum

By John Shelley, Director

## The Collection Grows

As word of the Maine Watercraft Museum's efforts to develop an outstanding collection of antique small craft has spread, the phone has never stopped ringing with opportunities to acquire interesting watercraft. Gathering up the boats certainly has been exciting, but meeting the people who have owned the boats, often for generations, has been the real reward for all the time spent. Each boat has had a fascinating story often taking the better part of a day to relate. How do you write it all down?

As the collection approaches and exceeds two hundred boats, we are beginning to develop a new set of logistical problems revolving around storage and display which I had heard about way back in the beginning from places such as Mystic Seaport and the Clayton Museum. I just never thought it would happen this quickly, or at least I would have a set of buildings to help deal with it. This year, we will once again try to rotate the boats on display bringing out those not previously seen and also new acquisitions within the last year. We want people to keep coming back to see what's new.

## Historic Acquisitions

Last fall, there were several important boats that were donated, two of which are boats that are in a class by themselves and should be noted as vessels that hold an important place in boating history. Standing under these boats and looking up at them is awe inspiring. Each of these boats has a long and fascinating history. In this limited space, I can give you but a thumbnail sketch of each but, if you love old wooden boats, you'll get the gist. It is my hope the Museum will get both of them back in the water, even though it might take a long term effort.

*Stormsvala* is a 48' on deck wishbone rig ketch (dhow rig) designed by Fred Fenger for Dr. Malcolm Forbes of Harvard College as both a pleasure and research vessel. She was built, with no expense spared, in 1938 as a boat that could explore the coastline of North America in any weather. Dr. Forbes made several trips up along the coast of Labrador and Greenland gathering scientific information. His trips were well documented and are in the archives at Harvard.

While her beautiful hull shape is somewhat traditional, her rig is not. Only a few of these experimental rigs were ever installed on ocean going sailing boats, even though they proved reliable and easy to handle. The boat and her designer have been well researched and documented by articles in both *WoodenBoat Magazine* and by Roger Taylor in his books of boat design.

She was donated by Charles Adrian of Westerville, Ohio, to whom we are very grateful. He totally restored the boat in 1984-86,

sailed her a bit, and then placed her in storage in Annapolis, where she has sat under a tarp ever since. It is our hope that Mr. Adrian will continue with his love for his boat and will help us get this treasure back in the water. He recently visited Rockland and looked out across the harbor from his hotel room and thought, "What a beautiful sight it would be to see that old *Stormsvala* with all her sails up and her huge double wishbones hoisted skyward, showing her stern to a schooner or two."

*Vagrant*, as related on page 98 of *Sam Crocker's Boats* by Sturgis Crocker, was one

of the most famous ocean racers of her time. She was built in 1930 for the Commodore of the Cruising Club of America, William Coolidge, and won a lot of races prior to the Second World War. She was subsequently sunk by her new owner after the war, then restored, and spent most of the rest of her life in Maine. She was purchased by Warren Taylor of York, Maine, who sailed her briefly and put her in his barn to restore, where she has been ever since the 1960s.

To imagine that one of these great old ocean racing sailboats still exists in one piece (or many pieces) in its original form is but a fantasy. The Crocker yard in Manchester, Massachusetts, is keenly interested in fate of the vessel and will help in the restoration by providing original plans and expertise. It's a long term project but the end result will be a boat that will once again take her rightful place in the history of yachting.



## A Personal Glimpse Into Boat Donation

The Museum has received over twenty-five boats every year for the last three years of all sizes and descriptions, from large fifty-foot sailing vessels to small fiberglass dinghies. At this point in time, I really want to emphasize that it's the generosity and the intent behind the donation, not the size or value of the boat. What our donors are saying is "Here's what I can offer, I want to help the Maine Watercraft Museum."

Quite naturally they are all people who love, enjoy and appreciate boats and hope that through their generosity others will enjoy also. So many times I have driven away with a boat in tow and looked back in my rearview mirror to see a person with tears in their eyes. A lot of the boats that are donated are referred to as if they are family members who have been placed in an old folks home. Most of the Museum's boats have been in the donor's fam-

ily for generations and are referred to by name in family conversations as if they were alive.

One of the sad downsides of this anecdote is that there will never be enough time to record the folk history behind each boat. I've gone to pick up a boat in the morning and left at sundown and spent the whole day listening to family stories and folklore about their dearly beloved. Therefore when I say receiving these beloved boats is a sacred privilege I hope you understand.

If you haven't already, please take a ride up to Thomaston and view some of these family treasures. I'm sure the donors would be thrilled to know their old girl was getting some attention.

The Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861 (207) 354-0444, <oldboats@midcoast.com>, <http://www.midcoast.com/~oldboats>.

## A Tale of Two Cats

By Bill Kristofferson, Kismet Yachts

This is a tale of two cats. I have been designing cruising trimarans since the late '60s and have been, albeit mistakenly, of the opinion that small multihulls (under 30') would be very impractical. This all changed in 1983 when I decided to design and build a small 24' trimaran, a forerunner of a demountable trailer-tri. To my surprise it was a joy to sail and cruise. It was exhilarating actually as it was so responsive compared to bigger multis. It was like going from the family sedan to a little two seater Morgan sports car, that seat of the pants feeling.

After having so much fun with the little trimaran we wanted something that would provide more privacy when someone wanted to join us for an overnighter. I was still under the impression however that it would be impossible to design a catamaran of 24' with any semblance of cruising accomodation without sacrificing sleek lines and ending up with something that resembled a sea going condo.

After wrestling with the design for a couple of years, the birth of our catamaran design concept unfolded and it was time to build our first Kismet 24 bridgedeck catamaran. It has exceeded our expectations in every department. It sails better and is more comfortable than expected.

In the port hull: Aft a full galley with two burner stove, sink and counters; midships a 6'4" long settee and counter and a full double berth; forward a 6'4" single berth with stowage under.

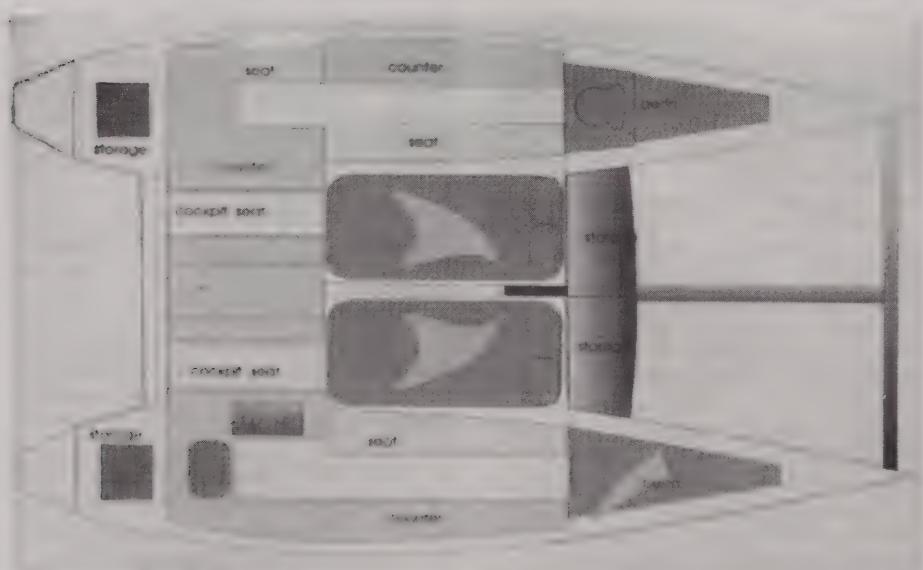
In the starboard hull: Aft a navigation center; midships a 6'4" settee and counter and a full double berth; forward a single berth with porta potti under.

All berths feature full sitting headroom. The galley and navigation areas (working areas) are directly under the hatches and have 5'6" headroom with the hatches closed; with the hatches open headroom is unlimited. If more enclosed headroom is desired in wetter climates the pilothouse (raised version) is an option which will increase headroom in work areas to 6'3".

We recommend a 9.9 hp 4 cycle outboard which provides cruising at 7 knots at half throttle and 11 knots with open throttle. Under sail we have been up to an exciting 14-15 knots on several occasions. The one daggerboard is mounted centrally through the bridgedeck. This ensures that we don't have to play around with lifting one and lowering the other while tacking.

As far as comfort is concerned the best testimony to it is the fact that a local doctor has been living on his K24 Cat for over a year now and our climate in British Columbia is not tropical by any means. He has turned the port hull into an efficient workspace. In place of the double berth he has set up computer, etc. complete with full length bookshelves, right next to the galley and the coffee pot. His sleeping accommodation is in the starboard hull. We did make one change to his boat and that was to raise the cabin height one foot over the galley and the nav center which created two little doghouses with glass all around for 360 visibility.

One innovative aspect to the design is that the tiller placement is within easy reach



of the galley and the navigation center so the boat can be helmed from inside in bad weather. We believe this is a very unique boat that offers much in terms of excellent performance, and attractive/racy appearance and comfort to the economy minded cruiser. We often sail in the company of a Hirondelle catamaran and our performance is superior, both under sail and power.

We are pleased to say that this design has been so successful that we have now produced a slightly larger version, the K26C. While only 2' longer it offers a great deal more in comfort and accommodation. An open deck K24 catamaran design is also available for those who are willing to forgo some creature comfort for enhanced performance.

In addition to the above we offer a full range of multihull designs: Tris from 24'-43'; Cats from 24'-47'. Take a look at our web page [www.prcn.org/kismet/](http://www.prcn.org/kismet/)

## K24 Catamaran Bridgedeck Version

This design is our answer to those who want a sleek racy looking and performance oriented craft, with the maximum amount of comfortable accommodation.

Easily handled 3/4 rig, everything can be managed from the cockpit. The port hull has a full galley, a 6'4" long settee, a single and double bunk with full sitting headroom over them. All cockpit seating affords good visibility, in fact while seated in the cockpit you can see the two bows and the two sterns. It also gives good protection from the wind. The starboard hull is a mirror image of the port hull minus the galley, it becomes a great private guest cabin or will serve equally well as a navigation center and storage area when on longer voyages. The folding table in the cockpit together with a boom tent becomes a very comfortable place to dine.

Though only 24', the K24C feels like a much larger craft inside and performs like it is also. The designer is enjoying the prototype immensely, finding it to be a near perfect coastal cruiser.

The same simplified building system is utilized in building the K24C as is used for the K24T. All hull sides are built and finished flat, then bent around bulkheads, the bottoms fixed to the hull panels (sides), glassed and turned over. The construction time is thus shortened considerably.

Kismet Yachts  
P.O. Box 161,  
Gillies Bay B.C., Canada V0N 1W0  
Tel/Fax (604) 486-7434

## Specifications K24C

LOA	23'8"
LWL	22'0"
Beam	14'0"
Draft	9"-3'6", single
daggerboard through center of bridgedeck	center aft of mast.
Rig	3/4 Roached main
Sail Area	317sf
Weight	1500lbs
Berths	2 singles, 2 doubles
Full Galley	



Above: Views of interior and cockpit accommodations.

Below: Pilothouse version for those sailing in wet or cold climates.



# Setting a Mast

By Mark Fisher

What's 38' long and weighs 170 pounds? How about the aluminum mainmast for *Sand erling*, our 3/4-scale model of Commodore Munro's *Presto*. That spar, along with its sibling, the 130-lb. mizzen mast, need to go in

and out on a regular basis, since they revolve, and their bearings need periodic maintenance. In fact, when we took delivery of the boat three years ago, they were the first challenge, as they lay on blocks beside the hull. There is, how-

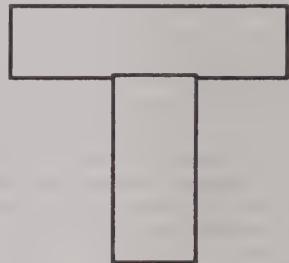


ever, a way of getting them aboard and in position without busting either a gut or the boat in the process.

## Parbuckles

The parbuckle is an ancient and basic rigging tool. By supporting the object to be moved (the main mast, in this case) in two slings and then hauling on one side, only half the weight needs to be supported, the standing side of the sling supports the other half. We rigged planks to support the spar as it rose, along with fenders to keep the furling drum off the side of the hull.

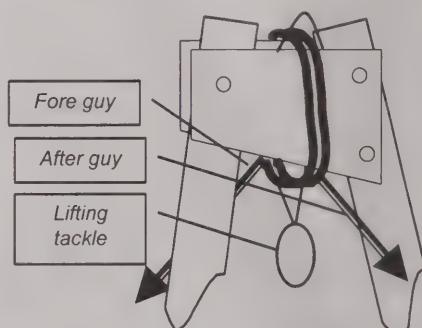
When we got to the toe rail, we faced a different problem, the spar was still too far outboard to be directly lifted to its final location. The solution was to lever the spar above the rail, and set the planks as ramps to carry the spar far enough inboard for us to be able to safely carry it to its planned resting point on the boat's centerline. The leverage was such that changing the planks was easy. That done, we repeated the process with the other spar, and soon had both spars aboard the boat, resting on sawhorses above the deck along the centerline.



## Sheer Legs

Another ancient and honorable rigging device is sheers. A simple "A" frame is quite sturdy and stable, needing only guying fore and aft, and consideration of the thrust at the foot of the legs. On our boat, the hoist point needs to be about 20' above the deck. This doesn't mean just bopping off to Home Depot for two 20' 2x4s, however. Over the past few iterations, the design has evolved.

The design (thus far) consists of two legs, formed of "T" sections. Each leg in turn is two 12' halves, for ease of transportation. The two halves key into each other, and are secured with two bolts through the entire thing. The sheer legs are tied together at the apex with two plates of 3/4" plywood, which is also where the rigging attaches. The "A" frame needs a fore and an after guy, as well as the point of it all, the lifting tackle. The sling for the tackle was passed up between the plates



of the sheer hinge and around the guy tie-offs.

Our next task was to prepare these sheer legs and get them aboard. The individual legs are assembled and lifted to the deck, where the sheer legs are bolted together at the tie plates.

The biggest single problem in the entire sequence is in getting the sheers aloft. The bases of the legs are tied off to the toe rail, and I then lift the sheers up to a 20° angle. Sarah hauls away on a 3-1 tackle on the after guy, and pulls them toward vertical. As we near vertical, I tend the fore guy to bring them to a stop above the mizzen mast step. The lifting tackle is then made fast to the balancing point of the mizzen spar, with a tending line to its base to retrieve the tackle once the mast is in place. This is also the last time to check the dressing of the spar, to check that the halyards, topping lifts, and triatic are all in place.

It's now time to haul away on the lifting tackle. Sarah controls the butt of the mast, guiding it into the partner bearing when it is high enough. One final check to see that the lifting point is over the partner, and I then lower the spar down until the butt reaches the butt bearing. This is a 1" standard ball bearing, which engages a 1" pin in the butt of the mast. With a delicate hand on the tackle, I give Sarah about two pounds of the mast's weight. She then gently waggles the base until the pin engages the bearing, and I lower the mast home. One down.

Time to move the sheers forward. We tie off the after guy to the mizzen halyard and hoist the tie to the masthead. The feet of the sheers are then released and the legs walked forwards to their position at the forward edge of the cabin for placing the mainmast. Restraining lines are made fast to keep the legs from kicking aft when hoisting the spar. The sheers are then canted forwards until the tackle is over the main mast partner bearing, and the guys made fast.

#### Finally the Mainmast

The lifting tackle is then made fast to the remaining spar, and the spar is walked/hoisted forward until it is hanging under the tackle. Again, the spar is raised with someone guiding the butt, centered over the partner bearing, lowered, aligned with the butt bearing, and fully lowered.

#### Dropping the Sheers

This is one of the easier steps, as the sheers are secured from above by the mizzen halyard. The sheer legs are walked aft, then the mizzen halyard lowers the assembly forward to the deck. The sheer hinge is unbolted on deck and the separate legs are lowered to the ground.

We've done this a total of four times now, on land and in the water. It will never be a routine task, given the long separations between occasions and the size and weight of the elements. However, it is not complicated, only exacting, and requires mostly attention to the fair lead of the lines involved and a calm day.

#### Sanderling

If you think you've seen this vessel before, you might be right. We first saw one of her sister ships 12 years ago on the Potomac. The type is a 3/4-scale version of Commodore Munro's *Presto*, designed by Walt Scott. When we read of *Sanderling* in *MAIB* in '97 (or so),



we found a copy we could own. One of her prominent features are her roller furling masts. She now sails the Chesapeake, where her shoal draft, twin centerboards, and kick-up rudder

are every bit as much of an advantage as when Commodore Munro was shooting the Florida coastal inlets 100 years ago.

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## Bolger on Design...

The Folding Schooner 31'0" x 5'0"



The Folding Schooner is our design #268, designed about 1973. She was designed as an unserious "poor man's entry" in an annual schooner race here in Gloucester. At first I had in mind hooking two sailboards together, but the open skiffs used less material and looked more impressive, besides being more comfortable, if possibly not as safe to sail over a 15-mile open sea course. Dynamite Payson built the prototype for me in 154 hours of labor and for about \$450 (1973 prices) worth of materials, not including sails and motor, and with such economies as making the masts out of a couple of saplings that happened to be standing in his back lot.

She sailed very pleasantly and everything worked, except that the first time we stowed the rig all the rigging got into confusion. It

took us a long time and a lot of muttering to get it sorted out and set up to sail again. After that we color-coded the parts and paid more attention to where things were lying as we stowed them.

Originally there were no latches at the chines, the ends being held down by gravity. This worked in smooth water, but in a certain length of wave the bow would bounce up and drop back with a disconcerting bump. Also, once going through a narrow canal in the wake of a string of heavy motorboats, she jackknifed spectacularly in the trough of a standing wave and gave me a great fright. Amy Payson said I should have named her *Switchblade*. I tried two or three latch designs, the one shown with the plans works but is not as strong as it should be. One of these days we'll come up with

something better.

I trailer her around 1000 miles behind an Opel Kadett without problems, sailing on Penobscot Bay, Long Island Sound, and points between. The poor photo shows her snuggled into my mother's garage beside the Opel. Slung above is my kayak *Kotick*, also built for me by Dynamite, and which I figure I have paddled on the order of 5000 miles over 30 years or so. The photo behind the Jeep is another boat of the class, we've lost the record of whose. The two 15-footers make quite a nice aerodynamic package, note the spars all stowed in or on the stem hull. Total weight on the trailer was less than 500 pounds.

The launching sequence was to run her into the water folded, turn her around with the middles on the ramp, and swing the bow over.

I once folded and unfolded her single-handed, on a challenge, but I dropped her pretty hard at the end of each maneuver and don't recommend it. She's not a sensible choice for a single-hander in the first place, though one person can sail her easily enough by leaving off the jib. In strong winds she handles well with reefed mainsail and full foresail. She can be sailed to windward with mainsail alone, as the rudder can carry the resulting weather helm. Several owners have complained about lee helm with full sail. The prototype was perfectly hung, but the plans now show a longer main boom.

She was docile and undemanding to sail, with her low rig (the mainmast was only 15'6" overall) and powerful control (her rudder was over 16' abaft the bilge boards). In a good breeze, with three or four people on her rail, she would plane spectacularly with full sail or, when it blew hard enough to start the jib sagging, with foresail and mainsail, still with very sharp control. It was not easy to capsize her, though of course it could be done with sheets fast and crew weight over to leeward, no headway, and so on. I don't recall ever shipping water over the side, except once deliberately as a test.

Capsized, she went clean bottom-up, but could be righted and bailed out afloat, and be sailed, after a fashion, full of water. This last capability certainly saved the lives of a couple who dumped her in 40° water about the end of December. It would be easy to give her a lot more positive buoyancy by filling in volumes given over to casual stowage in the prototype.

We avoid using dagger boards for their obvious drawbacks in beaching, but in this case they allowed considerable simplification. The installation is quite strong. I once ran her

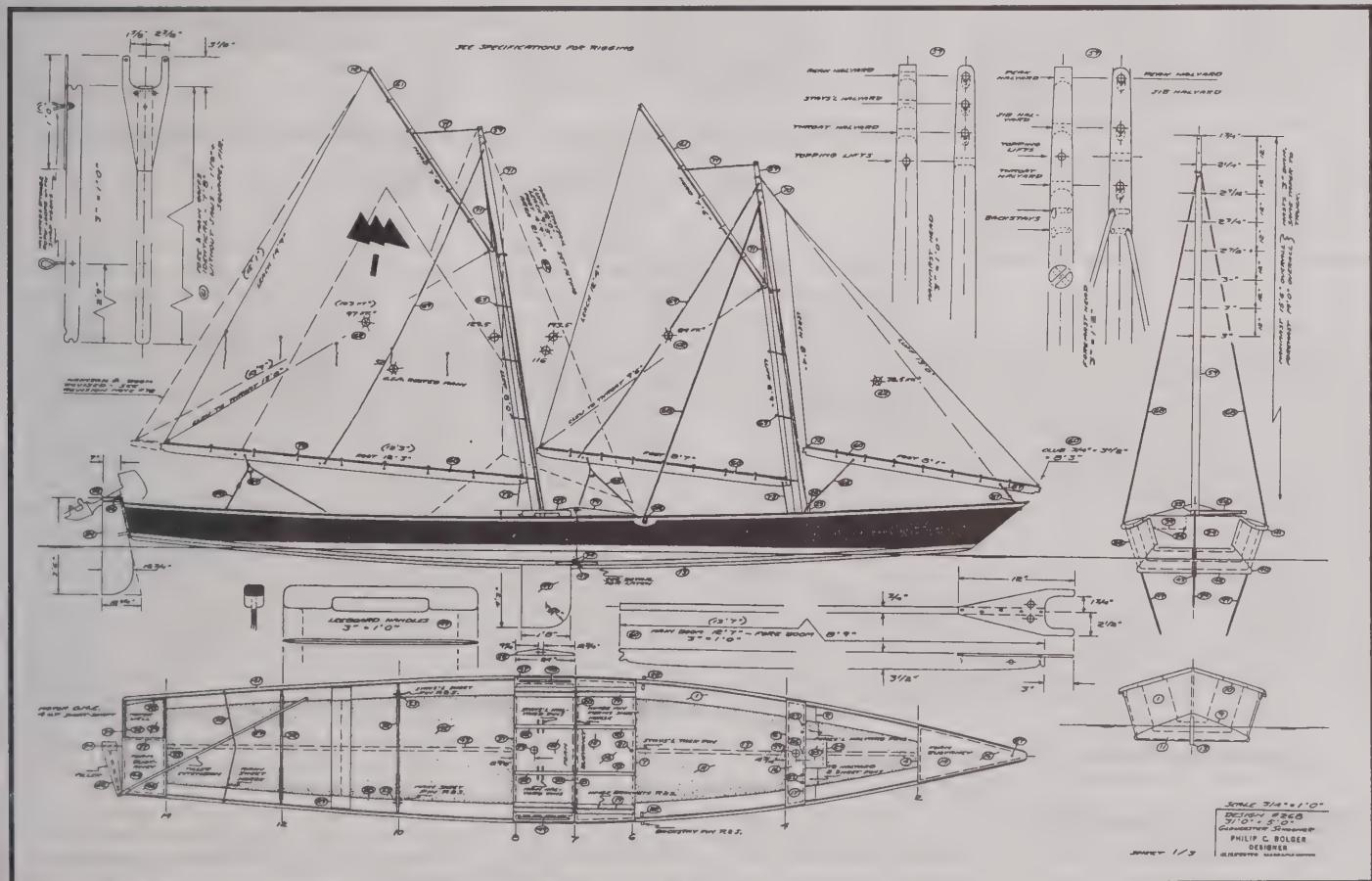


against a mud bank at full speed under power. The unexpected shock threw everyone sprawling in the bottom, but neither the boards nor the cases took any harm. It would, no doubt, have been another matter if it had been a rock. The vertical trunks are not prone to jam in a grounding. The motor was a 4hp two-cycle, which is ample power for any purpose.

Her speed made her wet in choppy water and strong wind. Between that and the flimsy bottom (it panted visibly and would be better

with double the thickness in every way except for the increase in the effort needed to fold it over), she's not to be recommended for open water work, though in fact some of them have been sailed hard without breaking. An Alaskan owner made a cruise down the Yukon River from the Canadian border to the Bering Sea and found the boat quite appropriate.

The plans sold well worldwide, many hundred sets in all, and they were built in all kinds of places from a mountain lake in



Mexico to a New York motel in a room of which one end was built at a time and tested in the swimming pool. But the design never developed as a racing class. They all seemed to belong to individualistic people who did not take themselves very seriously and weren't interested in competition.

She was, after all, conceived as a joke which, by the way, was not well received by the serious-minded people organizing the local schooner race. They did not welcome the entry and made sure that she did not win, helped by my having an off day in my racing tactics. She came in seventh of 14 entries, boat for boat, and should have done two or three places better. The wind was light, she would have done much better against the heavy "real" schooners with a fresher breeze. The winner was the superb Murray Peterson-designed Coaster Schooner *Agamemnon*. The joke can be enjoyed by a good many people at once considering the space it takes up. Nobody can say it detracts from the scenery!

The schooner rig was "given" in this case but, in fact, it's appropriate to a long, light hull. The main advantage of the rig is that most of its area will stand without stiff staying. If



you're going to stay it stiffly, as in a staysail schooner, it's generally best to eliminate the foremast and have a cutter. Starling Burgess, who designed the first staysail schooner, pointed this out in 1926. I've seen a drawing of that schooner, the *Advance*, rigged as a cutter with huge economies of weight, windage, and cost, without a solitary drawback except

that she would have been excluded from a certain racing class.

Folding Schooner plans, our design #268, are available for \$150 ppd. to build one boat. Sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, three 22" x 34" drawings and nine page keyed specification/instructions. Phil Bolger and Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627.

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## "The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



## Going Overboard

As with so many things in sailing or boating, there are two kinds of boating people, those who have gone overboard and those who lie about it. At this point it is necessary to separate those who go over the side on purpose from those who do it purely unintentionally. Going over the side in a swimsuit or as part of messing around with your friends does not count.

For example, the first time I went over, we were at anchor on a Schneider Pennant with no toe rails. We were washing down the decks and cabin tops when I realized I was moving outboard. As I slid from the cabin top to the side deck, I remained fully upright and literally went in all standing. Naturally, I was laughing when I came up.

In fact, every time I have gone over the side, I have been laughing when I came up. It's bad enough to look foolish without being a poor sport about it.

A couple of times when I had my schooner in the Kill, I went over. The first time I hopped in my (undersized) dinghy too near the stern and too quickly and sank it and me at the same time. The only damage was to my pride and the fuel system of my outboard. The second time was more serious. I came into the

marina parking lot and was walking down the gangway when the first of several people came up to me and asked whether I had seen my boat. After replying that I hadn't, I proceeded down the pier. Needless to say, after all that public concern, I was very happy to see her floating in her usual place.

As I got closer, I saw that the deck was folded back for about 3' along the sheer of the boat. As the deck was the current project, I simply re-laid the deck and stapled a tarp over it. As everyone around was watching, I asked what had happened and was informed that a line squall had come through and knocked her over, raising the deck against the edge of the pier in the process.

Outwardly calm, I realized that I was feeling a certain pressure. As my head was inoperative, I went down to the end of the pier to an area communally agreed upon for those functions, unzipped, turned and found myself swimming. Fortunately for me, my watchers had lost interest when I didn't act upset at my boat so there were no witnesses.

After pulling myself out of the water I did have to deal with walking back to the boat all aslant, but it gave me another opportunity to act cool.

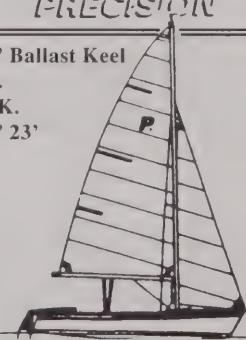
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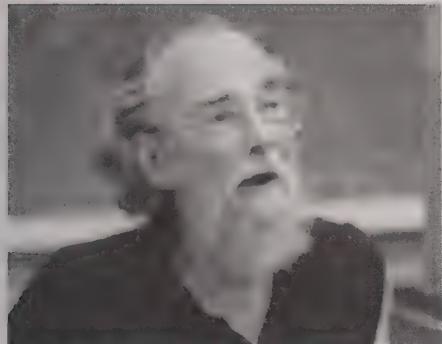
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## Boat Talk Follow Up

By Bob Hicks

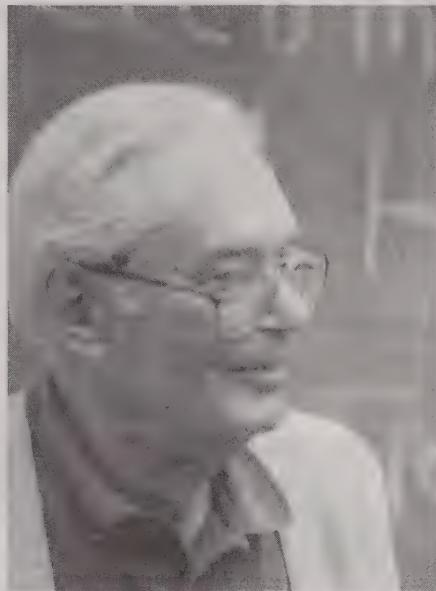
We went to press with the August 1st issue with my story on the Boat Talk gathering of boat designers and fans at the University of New Hampshire without photo coverage, as I did not have suitable photos. Subsequently, reader Carl Noe of Putney, Vermont sent me a nice set of portraits of the distinguished nautical design innovators, thinking you might like to see these folks, so here is a photo gallery, accompanied by the promotional pamphlet text.



Phil Bolger, designer of over 600 small craft, writer of many books and articles on the subject.



Suzanne Altenberger, Phil's wife and designer of some merit in her own right, forming the Phil Bolger & Friends team today.



Olin Stephens, the dean of world yacht designers, responsible for several America's Cup winners and a treasury of nautical knowledge.



Steve Clark, head of Vanguard Sailboats, one of the world's largest manufacturers of small sailboats, leader of the *Cogito* team that won, and still holds, the Little America's Cup.



Walter Schulz, moderator, owner of Shannon Boats.



Richard Newick (facing), who has spent 40 years rediscovering what the old Pacific islanders knew about offshore passage making in simple craft.

Doug Martin (looking away), designer/craftsman at East/West Custom Boats and Alden Ocean Shells, experienced in oars, paddles, hulls, hang gliders, ice skating sails and traditional small craft.



Ted Van Dusen (left), owner of Composite Engineering, carbon fiber specialist and decked canoe sailor, who had 23 of his carbon fiber racing shells in the last Olympics, many of them medal winners.

Keith Burgess (right), composite materials specialist who has worked for a number of renowned boat building companies.

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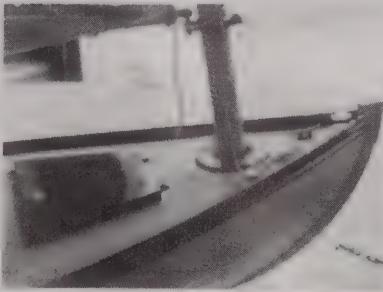
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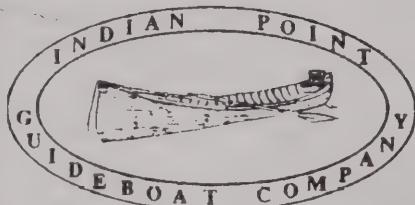
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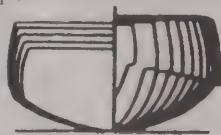
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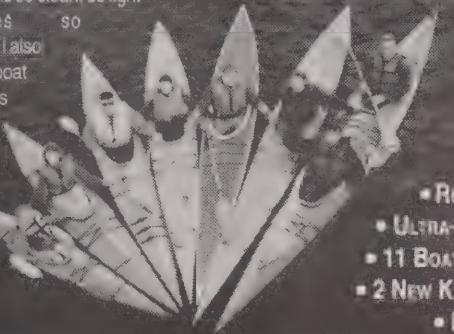
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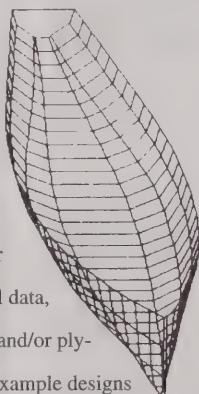
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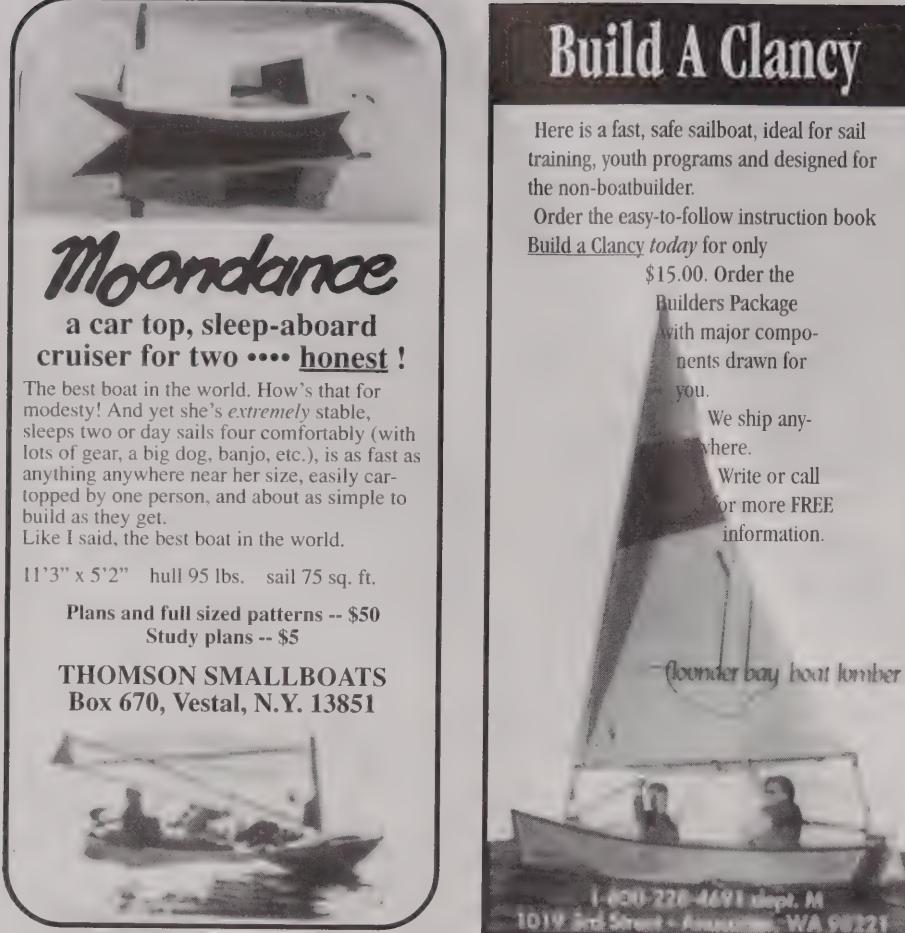
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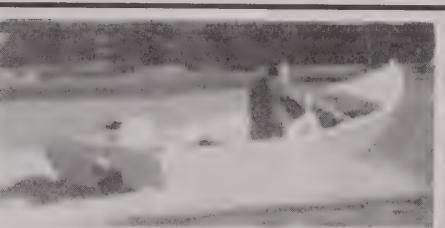


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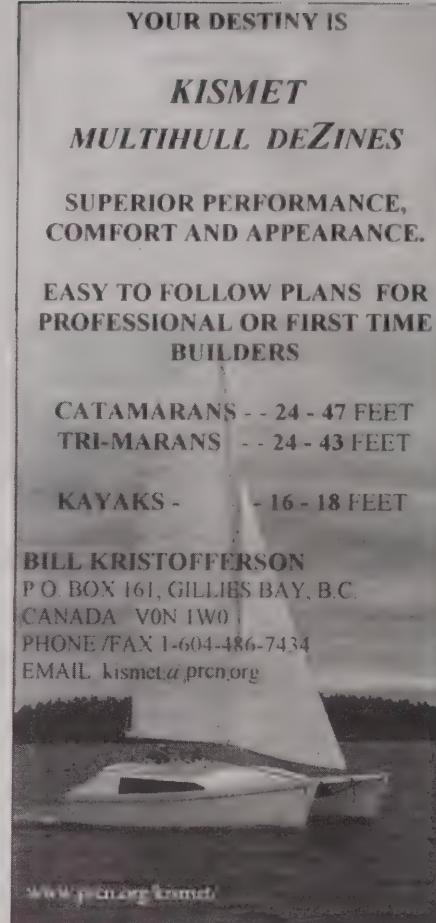
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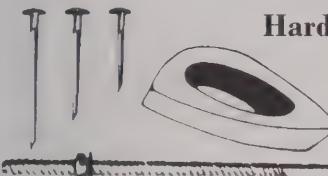
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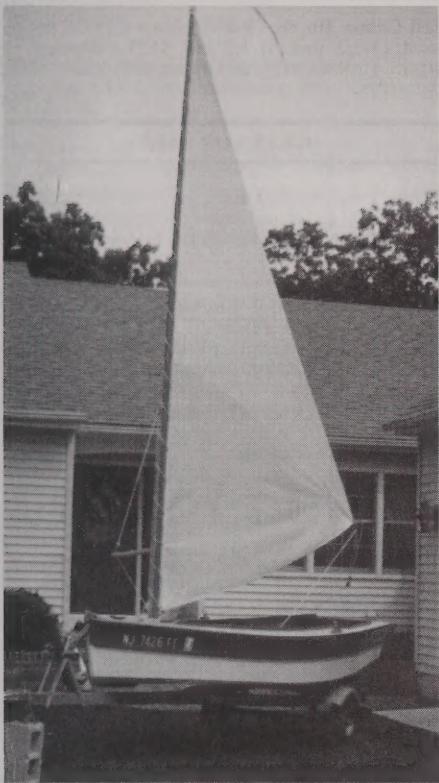


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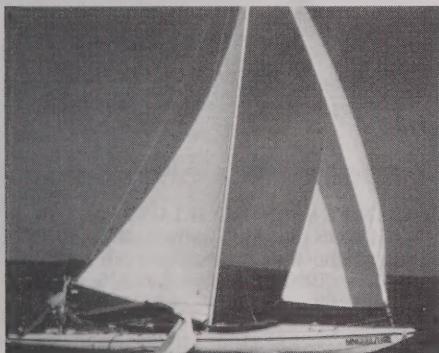
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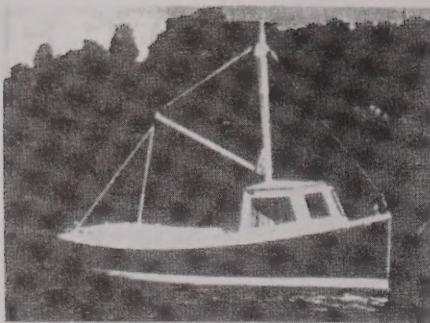
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EUGENE TRAINOR, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-3734 aft 6pm or lv message. (08)

**Free Cosine Wherry Mold**, w/strongback.  
PETER MITCHELL, 240 Sugar Hill Rd., Tolland, CT 06084, (860) 870-7604. (08)

**On-Board II**, sliding feet rowing unit, like new. Health requires sale. \$200/offer. WAYNE WHITMARSH, 5307 N. 44th Ave., Omaha, NE 68111, (402) 455-1583. (08)

**Graymarine Engine**, 6-136hp compl w/transmission. BRO. PETER FROHN, Westminster, MA, (978) 874-5431. (08)

**Honda 2hp OB**, about '90. Gd cond. \$450. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (08)

**Michigan SR Twin IB Engine**, 2 cyl, 15hp @ 2,000rpm. NXB Hercules block, Autolite starter & generator, Wico mag, Paragon rev gear 290# compl rblt, never installed. \$395. H. WHITE, 2252 St Rt 48, Fulton, NY 13069, (315) 593-8331. (08)

#### GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

**Graymarine Engine**, 6-100hp or 6-112hp w/transmission, in compl, running cond or at least rebldable. PETER FROHN, Westminster, MA, (978) 874-5431. (08)

**Small Trailer**, road ready suitable for Sunfish. DON ROWLAND, Westerly, RI, (401) 348-2180. (08)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Copies of '41 Chris Craft Poster**, 25"x 30" two sides. One side shows 12 runabouts 16' to 27'. Second side shows 19 cruisers 25' to 55'. Prices range from \$895 to \$28,900. Copies of both \$10ppd in mailing tube. JOHN LOGAN, 212 Swinomish Dr., LaConner, WA 98257, (360) 466-4630. (08)

**\$200 Sailboat**, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

**"Sleeper"**, 7'10" caroppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

**The Odd-A-Tea**, by Tom McGrath. Wandering the New England Coast like Ulysses in *The Odyssey*. Paperback, profusely illustrated. TOM MC GRATH, 684 Chestnut St., Lynn, MA 01904. (TF)

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**GLEN-L**, Box 1804/MA9, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA 562/630-6258, fax 562/630-6280, www.glen-l.com (99P)

**I Hear You Bought a Boat**, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing. TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)



#### narrow waters

**Narrow Waters**, Dee Carstarphen's beautiful log of small-boat adventures. 140pp, hundreds of watercolors, scores of sketch charts evoke 2,000 mile cruise from Chesapeake to Dry Tortugas. \$19.95 signed, postpaid. Reviewed in January 15, 1999 issue.

PEN & INK PRESS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA 22579. (TFP)

**Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar**, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

**From My Old Boat Shop**, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

**Cockleshell Kayak Plans**, 3 wknds & about \$150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. \$35. ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)



**Bliss, the Quick & Easy Canoe**, plans \$26. Illustrated leaflet of 16 small craft designs \$2. DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (11/99EOIP)

#### BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

**Wanted Books & Plans:** Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder, Motor Boating; Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

#### Old Canoe Catalogs.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-2628, (302) 653-9487. (TFP)

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**Marine Artist Watercolors**, let me turn that dream scene into an original painting, you and your boat drifting past historic scenery in a Winslow Homer style watercolor. I've painted the boat scene from Maui to Maine for 25 years. My artwork is in the U.S. Naval Academy. 14"x 16" matted, \$40. Send photo. Useable for T-shirt transfers. Larger commissions available.

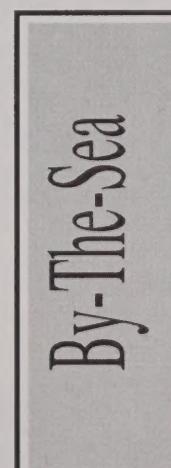
DRIFTWOOD DAN, D. Osterday, 220 W. Palomino Dr., Tempe, AZ 85284. (TF)

**Free Acrylic Painting of Your Boat**, will still do free picture painting of your boat, but \$50 for 9"x 12" & \$100 for 18"x 24" will get your painting done 1st. Send no money until you get a painting you like.

SAM CHAPIN, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (TF)



**Charter Pleiades**, 35' classic sailing yacht. Cruising for 4 on this beautiful vessel \$1,100/wk bareboat. Penobscot Bay, ME. GEORGE EVANS, P.O. 19, Isleboro, ME 04848, (207) 734-8139 eves. (7P)



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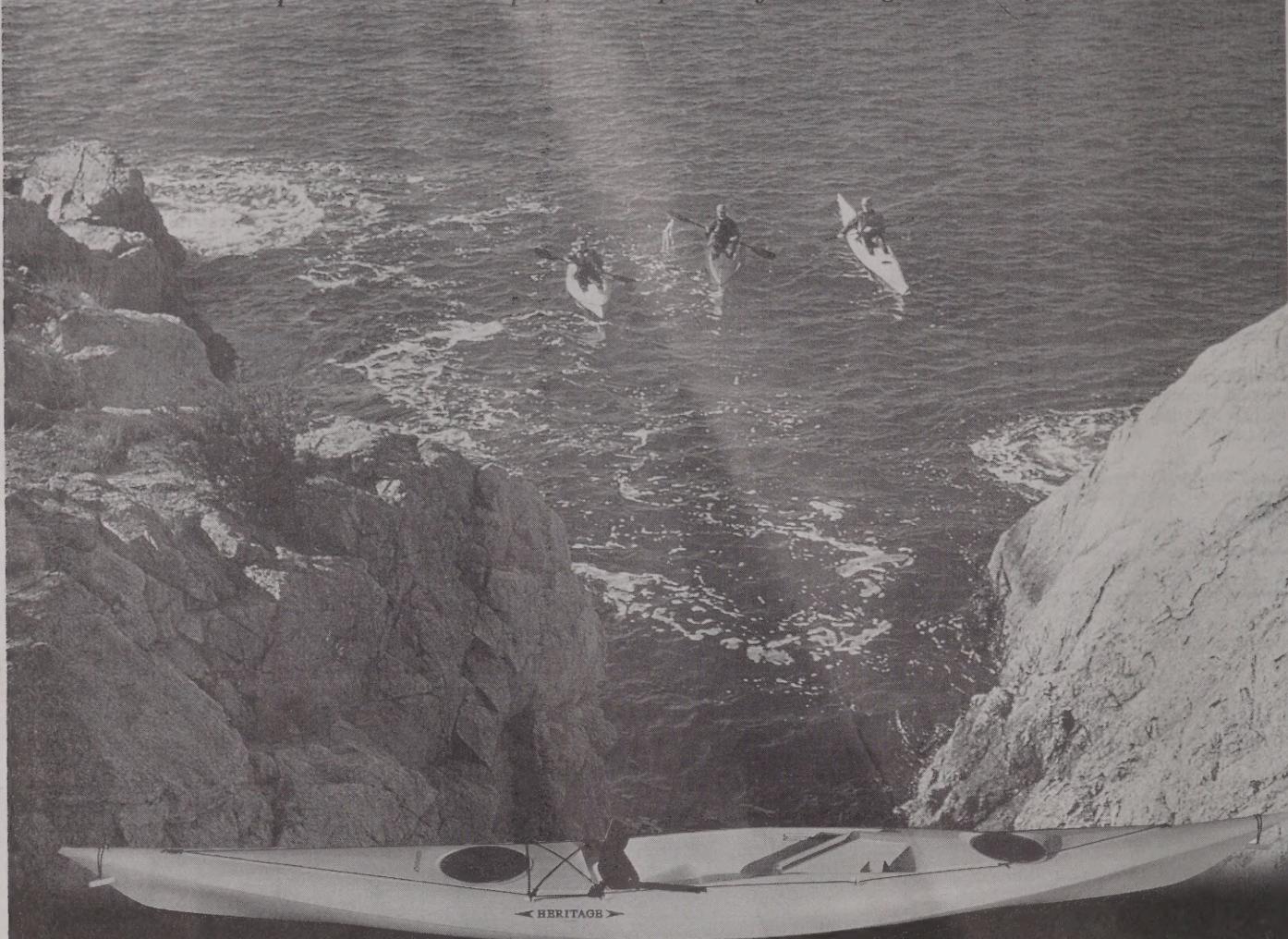
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